

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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From a photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

OLIVE WYNDHAM

*Who is playing the leading feminine rôle in the new melodrama,
"A Voice in the Dark," with her usual sympathetic charm?*

REHEARSING A PLAY

Since we can't do away with the theatre, let's make it as good as we can. The first of two articles by the London playwright-producer

GRANVILLE BARKER



IT is strange how meekly Art will stand to be arraigned at the tribunal of commercial arithmetic. For, however liberally interpreted are the laws there administered, she is not in nature amenable to them. She will never have the virtues of the industrious apprentice or the conscience of the ledger clerk.

If she is to be ruled, to her well-being and our benefit, it must be by another code and before another court. But the dominance of the financier is so over us all that to talk in other terms is scarcely to be understood and in a world where life consists not of "the four elements" or even of eating and drinking, but in the more Malvolio-like occupation of paying bills, personal and national, it is hard to conceive how the money-maker's evil can be anybody's good.

Not that one need deny certain virtues that the dominance of the financier has forced upon the art of the theatre. But as with all alien bondage, the more efficient, even the more liberal-minded it is, so, in a sense, is it the more complete and devitalizing. To take one instance, its effect upon the method of getting plays ready for performance; a trifling instance, but worth study if anything in the technique of the theatre is worth it.

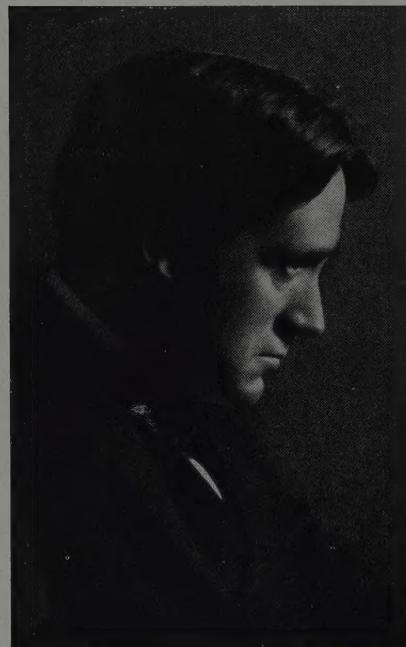
To the financial mind rehearsals of a play are capital expenditure and (regretting the old, lady's illusion that it wasn't really necessary to try it over before!) should be measured accordingly; measured generously, perhaps, with an ample allowance of margin for error, but measured; so many weeks, so many dress rehearsals, production without fail by such and such a date.



IT is true, that by such a method all may go well. No errors in designs or cast; the actors may respond unanimously to their drill, even the better because an inevitably nearing day of production and judgment whips them the more desperately into that final rush of enthusiasm which it is hoped will in turn affect their audience and create at least the atmosphere of success. Success or limbo! The choice fits well with the attempt to combine mechanical efficiency with galvanic life.

One watches the financial mind philosophically, attempting through a long course of trial and error (mostly error) to discover how this desperate choice is made—by critics, public, or by mere luck, no evidence certainly of it being according to any merit or demerit in the work itself—without suspecting that even such a success is valueless (how explain to the financial mind what is meant by such a contradiction?) and such a method at its best a mistake. For a play in the final completion of its appearance is a living work of art, a blending moreover of many human factors and the laws of its begetting and being are not reducible to the simple arithmetic of working days or the compound addition of monetary cost.

Stanislavsky, the dominant personality of the Art Theatre in Moscow, was once asked by the present writer how long he liked to rehearse a



Bangs

Although Granville Barker is an actor, it is as an unconventional and "advanced" producer that he is best known. He is remembered as co-author of that delightful fantasy, "Prunella," for his novel and striking setting for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and those interesting plays, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and "Androcles and the Lion."

for every play, and choosing for each play the best individual actors from wherever they may be found. In that general choice is involved much argument, which comes in the end to this: If your love of the theatre centers upon the emotional virtuosity of particular actors you will be ready—and you will be compelled—to sacrifice to its exploiting the ideal of a perfect unity of effect; never to be attained it is true, but always to be striven for by those for whom the whole is greater than the part; the play and its interpretation than its interpreters; the theatre itself than any members of it.

Needless to say upon which side of this fence the present writer is to be found. He is for the theatre, the play, the commonwealth of effect and he holds it proved beyond doubt that the team-work of a well-practised company serves this cause better than the most brilliant temperamental despotism, with the most spirited and loyal support. In any case, the plan that follows rests upon this conviction.

Rehearsals begin. They begin with study which must be mutual study; the actor who sits apart to learn his words and "form his own conception" is a nuisance and offends against the first law of the theatre and the last—co-operation. The cast should be formed into a committee upon the play, sitting to discuss it with the producer as chairman. The rules of procedure can be simple. The producer discusses every scene for he is interested in them all, an actor must only discuss those in which he is personally concerned. The chairman may close a debate and no doubt he will have to close many. On the other hand, some actors may find it hard to formulate their ideas in argument, they are used to arriving at them instinctively, emotionally.



play. "Till it is ready," he said, and that is a final answer.

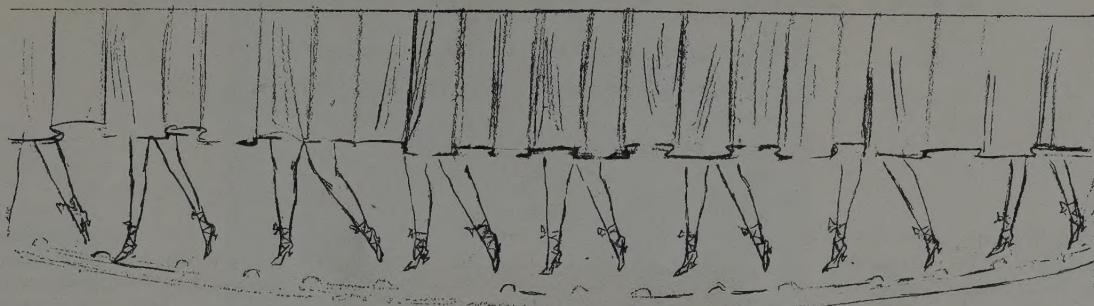
Let us sketch a plan for its getting ready based strictly upon the nature of the task.

The dramatist brings his manuscript to the theatre. (In parenthesis it is just worth noting that this was not always the beginning of things.) Plays originate in acting. But in these days, for most practical purposes, the dramatist has been evolved. This alliance with literature, however, leads in most cases to the leaving of the manuscript at the theatre as well—when it passes into the hands of the producer. He also has been evolved; partly by the alienation of the dramatist to literature, more by the growing complexity of the processes, mechanical and other, in the theatre itself. There are purists who deny his right to existence, but some co-operation is needed and he is probably less to be dispensed with than is the conductor of an orchestra.

Then comes the casting, the choice of designers, the writing of music and what not, all of which must be settled by the powers that be according to their powers. A discourse could be written upon the internal management of theatres, but this is not it. The casting, though, will first depend upon the general choice the theatre has made between creating the best possible company and selecting a cast from it

INSTINCT, if it has not degenerated into mere habit, is a good guide and a producer will be wise neither to out-argue such an one nor let him be out-argued. Such an one will be equally wise to learn to argue if he can, to temper his instinct with reason. Ability to express yourself is certainly a step towards expressing the intention of the author. But just as Seventeenth Century music teachers used to lock up the instrument at their departure and carry off the key, so should the actors leave their parts on the committee table and cease to worry with them till they all meet again. The task of the committee should be to arrive at a common understanding and a unity of intention about the play. How long will this take? It depends upon many things, primarily upon the sort of play it is. There are plays that call for little discussion, mainly for the practice of those subtle athletics in which every actor should be trained (in themselves they are the best kind of training), pantomime, and the simpler sorts of poetic and melodrama. Much beauty in them, much pleasure to be gained from them by audiences that are young, feeling young, or wanting to.

There are, of course, the pretentious bastard varieties of all kinds which seem to invite discussion but will not (*Concluded on page 204*)



JUST LEGS—THAT'S ALL

A theatrical season would surely be incomplete without the musical comedy—the girly-girly show with a little music, less comedy, and mostly—legs. Yes, musical comedy certainly stands on its legs, and they are, as is plainly shown here, of all shapes and sizes



THE BUCOLIC DRAMA

Of course we'll have with us the shy, unsophisticated country maiden, lured away from her cows and milkpail by the wicked adventurer from the gay City



BEDROOM FARCE

What is a Broadway season without a bedroom farce? The only necessary ingredients to make this sort of a piece a success are a bed, a pretty girl in it, and a man underneath it, and here they are!



MELODRAMA

The wicked husband is found dead, the much abused wife stands in the background weeping. Who did it? Was it the maid, or the lover, or the chauffeur? Consult next season's melodramas.



THE VAMP

Tall and sinuous, the vampire will continue, no doubt, to break up happy homes, smoke cigarettes, wear decolleté gowns and lure men to destruction



THE INGENUE

With her curls, her bows, her flimsy dress and her beau, who can mistake Simpering Sue, the eternal ingenue?



BOHEMIA

Greenwich Village with its artists and models, its long-haired men and short-haired women—it surely will hold a conspicuous place in the 1919-20 season

WHAT WE'RE SURE TO HAVE WITH US THIS SEASON

Sketches by Ethel C. Taylor

THE MANAGERS ANNOUNCE—

Sothorn and Marlowe, John Drew, and other favorites to be seen in interesting plays



THE unfolding dramatic year is like a children's grab-bag. The unwrapping of every gift is watched with eager anticipation. Occasionally, the present is not what the critics desire, but there is always just as much chance that Mr. and Mrs. Theatre-going Public will so thoroughly enjoy the offering that the harvest of dollars will be enormous.

So it is that as each new season approaches the managers sit back in their leather chairs, and, after much discerning thought, announce that they are to produce certain plays with the help of certain players. The plays may be from pens of unknown writers, but the players are sure to be popular,—men and women who have earned their right to Stardom by seasons of careful work that has been appreciated by the public.

The season of 1919-20 looms particularly important for the fact that it will bring before the public many stars who have been absent from the stage for, in many cases, years. The Messrs. Shubert announce that Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothorn will return for a season of Shakespearian productions. This will be a short season, starting in New York and going to the larger cities. A small repertoire will be prepared, and it is possible that comedies will be used exclusively. Another "return" of more than ordinary interest is the announcement that John Drew will play again. Mr. Drew has come under Arthur Hopkins' management, and the vehicle in which he will appear is an Italian comedy, "The Ugly Feranti." This is the only announcement Mr. Hopkins has made, other than the fact that the brothers Barrymore will continue in "The Jest."



GEORGE C. TYLER will present Laurette Taylor in a new play from the pen of her husband, J. Hartley Manners. Nothing is announced regarding the nature of the play, but it is said to be a novelty, and rumor is that Miss Taylor will play the rôle of an Italian woman of great culture. Mr. Tyler will also direct Mr. Arliss' new productions—a trio of new plays being ready for Mr. Arliss' repertoire. He will appear as "Voltaire" in a play of that name, written by George Gibbs and Lawrence Dudley, his second play being from the pen of Louis Joseph Vance, the novelist. The third is an unnamed comedy which Louis N. Parker, of "Pomander Walk" fame is preparing. Billie Burke, temporarily leaving the film plays, is still another favorite who has not appeared in a successful production for several seasons. She will be under the joint direction of Charles B. Dillingham, Klaw and Erlanger, and Mr. Ziegfeld, in a new play by Somerset Maugham, called "Cæsar's Wife."

Another film deserter is Pauline Frederick who will act the leading rôle in her husband's (Willard Mack) comedy, "Lady Tony." Grace George, while not announcing that she will form another repertoire season, has two new plays ready, "She Would and She Did," by Mark W. Reed, and "The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom. Edgar Selwyn, after years of

achievement as a producer, returns to his first field of success, and will revive "Pierre of the Plains" as well as offering Mary Shaw, a sterling actress, who has been seen altogether too infrequently, in "Mommer," by Edward Goodman. Gregory Kelly will also have a new play after three seasons in "Seventeen," Stuart Walker having arranged for him to appear as "Togo" the Japanese schoolboy in Eleanor Gates' dramatization of Wallace Irwin's stories.

Ruth Chatterton, another favorite player who has been seen briefly since her success in "Come Out of the Kitchen," will have a new light comedy, "The Merry Month of May," which she offered with great success out of town. This will be Mr. Henry Miller's only new production of the year, as he will continue with "Molière" on the road, Miss Blanche Bates co-starring with him.



IN addition to the Sothorn and Marlowe revival, the Shuberts have mapped out an ambitious and decidedly interesting season. One of their earliest offerings will be an Owen Davis play from the novel by Perley Poore Shenan, "Those Who Walk in Darkness."

There will be a new play by Rachel Crothers, "He and She," Miss Crothers herself playing the leading feminine rôle, with Cyril Keightley and Faire Binney as her support. William Hodge will be seen in New York City in a new play, probably of his own writing, while MacIntyre and Heath, the veteran minstrels, will have a new musical comedy, "Hello, Alexander." There will be two new plays by Edward Locke, a comedy written in collaboration with Peggy Wood, of "Maytime" fame, and Samuel Merwin, the novelist, a dramatization of "The Master of Ballantrae," for Walker Whiteside, a new play by Cleaves Kincaid, author of the Harvard prize play, "Common Clay," as well as the possible presentation of three dramas new to American audiences, by Henri Bernstein. George V. Hobart has dramatized David Graham Phillips' sensational "Susan Lenox." Then, too, there will be a "Passing Show of 1919," not as a summer offering this time, but to make its appearance in September. In conjunction with Walter B. Hast, Cosmo Hamilton's comedy, "Scandal," will be offered with Charles Cherry and Francine Larrimore, also a second play by Mr. Hamilton, "Exchange of Wives."



WILLIAM A. BRADY will send his daughter, Alice, on tour in "Forever After," one of last year's most successful war plays, and will continue to offer "At 9:45," his mystery play which was the first production of the new season.

Mr. Dillingham, as well as having an interest in the Billie Burke play, will have a new musical comedy for which Fritz Kreisler has written the music, Victor Jacobi the lyrics, and William Le Baron the book. There will be no new play for Fred Stone this season, as "Jack o' Lantern" has yet to be seen outside of a few of the

larger cities. The Hippodrome, as usual, will house a new and more magnificent spectacle.

An exceptionally busy season is planned by George C. Tyler, for, in addition to the new plays for Laurette Taylor and George Arliss, he will have at least eight new productions including "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington; a dramatization by Edwin Childs of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Bab" stories, for Helen Hayes; "On the Hiring Line," by Harvey O. Higgins and Harriet Ford; a comedy of New York life by Richard Washburn Childs and Porter Emerson Browne, for Lynn Fontanne, who has made such a distinct impression through her work with Laurette Taylor; a semi-historical play by Phillip Moeller, author of "Madame Sand," for Emily Stevens, and a "first play"—a sea-faring drama by Eugene G. O'Neill, whose one-act dramas of men and ships have proven so popular.

From the office of Alf. Hayman, director of the Charles Frohman Company, comes the announcement that there will be a new comedy for Ethel Barrymore, by an American author, Zoe Atkins. Otis Skinner is to have a new, and as yet, unnamed play, while Mr. Gillette will tour with Barrie's "Dear Brutus." While no announcement is made regarding Maude Adams' plans for the new season, she will probably have a new play if she feels able to resume her work.



MESSRS. Klaw and Erlanger having practically separated their interests, each partner of the firm will undertake his individual productions. Mr. Erlanger will produce "Monsieur Beaucaire" in conjunction with Messrs. Henry and Gilbert Miller, as well as a new musical comedy founded on the French farce, "Choquette et Son Aas." Chauncey Olcott, who recently has come under Mr. Erlanger's direction, will be seen in an elaborate revival of "Macushla." Mr. Klaw's only announcement so far is that he will produce "Petroleum Prince" by Richard Barry, and that Harrison Grey Fiske will direct the production.

Henry W. Savage has two new plays, "See-Saw" a musical comedy and "Shavins," dramatized from Joe Lincoln's book of that name.

Holbrook Blinn in "The Challenge," a new drama by Eugene Walter, starts the season for Selwyn and Company, followed by "Buddies," a musical play in which Donald Brian, Wallace Eddinger and Peggy Wood will be featured. A second musical play is founded on the comedy, "Seven Chances" and has a trio of authors, P. G. Wodehouse, Raymond Hubbard and Roi Cooper Megrue, who wrote the original comedy.

In addition to the successful "The Voice in the Dark," already established, Mr. A. H. Woods will have "Too Many Husbands" by Somerset Maugham; "A Bashful Hero," by Harold Brighouse, for Ernest Truex; "Breakfast in Bed," a farce comedy for Florence Moore; a new Abe Potash play, for Barney Bernard—Perlmutter is missing in this latest of the series. "The Unknown Woman," a "first play" by two new authors will serve Marjorie Rambeau for the season, while Avery Hopwood

(Right)

RUTH SHEPLEY

A conspicuous member of the cast of "Adam and Eva," the new comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton



© Strauss-Peyton

(Below)

FAIRE BINNEY

Who makes her first appearance on the legitimate stage—she has already been successful on the screen—in an important rôle in the new Rachel Crothers' play, "He and She"



Johnston

HELEN MACKELLAR

Remembered for her work in "The Unknown Purple" and to play the leading and only feminine rôle in "The Storm"



Abbe

(Below)

HELEN HAYES

Whose portrayal of the daughter that might-have-been in "Dear Brutus" was one of the outstanding hits of last season, is to play the leading part in "Bab," from the stories of that name

P R O M I N E T I N T H E N E W S E A S O N ' S O F F E R I N G S

will have two new farces, "The Great Illusion" and "Naughty Love Birds."

Smith and Golden have but two plays scheduled for the coming season, "Sunrise," by Elia W. Pettie and Pearl Franklin, a drama of the Kentucky hills, and an unnamed comedy by Langdon Mitchell and Winchell Smith. "Lightnin'," probably the greatest success of the past season, will continue to play at the New York Theatre where it was originally produced. Besides "The Crimson Alibi," George Broadhurst will offer "The Storm," a drama featuring Helen MacKellar and Edwin Arnold; a farce by Williston Colliston, and a new melodrama on which Mr. Broadhurst is at present working.

Stuart Walker has been trying out new plays during his repertoire season in Indianapolis, and will probably offer metropolitan audiences the chance to see the Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson play, "The Gibson Upright," as well as the "Togo" play. Mr. Walker also has a new play on which Booth Tarkington is at present working, and one that he himself has dramatized from Mr. Tarkington's successful book, "The Magnificent Ambersons."

John Cort will have at least five new productions during the season, three of them of the musical variety; "Three's a Crowd," by Earl Derr Biggers and Christopher Morley, with

May Vokes in the leading rôle; Maude Fealy in "A Fool's Game," by Crane Wilbur, the motion picture actor; "Just a Minute," by the authors of "Listen Lester"; Eddie Leonard, the minstrel in "Roly Poly Eyes," and a new play for Mimi Aguglia, the Sicilian actress.

Oliver Morosco will have an active season, starting with a new play by the Hattons, "Madame Sappho," with Grace Valentine in the leading rôle; "Civilian Clothes," by Thompson Buchanan, while Charlotte Greenwood's success in "So Long Letty" will be rewarded with a new musical comedy, "Linger Longer Letty."

The Coburns will offer a new production, "All the King's Horses." Charles Emerson Cooke will offer Martin Brown's "An Innocent Idea," while William Harris, Jr., will produce "First is Last," a new comedy by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde.

A spectacular production, "Aphrodite," made from Pierre Louys' famous novel will be the chief production of the season from the office of Morris Gest. It will be staged by E. Lyall Swete, and 300 persons will be in the cast. "The Five Million," a comedy of the returned soldier, was the first production offered and met with success. "Adam and Eva," by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, was another early production, while "The Light of the World," a

play having the Passion Play as its background will be a third early production. Mr. Gest will import "The Luck of the Navy," an English melodrama. There will be a new musical comedy for the Princess Theatre, also "See You Later," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Schwartz. Also "Brewster's Millions" will be made into a musical comedy for Harry Fox. "Mecca," the English successor to "Chu Ch Chow" will be produced later in the season.

John D. Williams will offer Norman Trevelyan in a new play, "Up From Nowhere," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Later M. Williams will present Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law."

Wendell Phillips Dodge, late of David Belasco's executive staff, and Willy Pogany, the world-famous artist and designer of stage scenery and costumes, have formed a corporation to produce plays and manage theatres and will produce this coming season several plays which they have been acquiring during the past two years. Their first production, to be made in New York in October, will be a drama in three acts with nine scenes, entitled "Esther" by Baroness Leonie de Souiny. The piece has spectacular features and elaborate Oriental ballets and is said to present opportunities for striking scenic effects and colorful costume.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Alliterative appellations that have helped their owners to success

By HUBERT SAVILE



WHAT'S in a name? A great deal, when the name is mentioned on a theatre programme! And, just as an alliteration frequently attracts attention to a play, so it also attracts attention to a player. Sarah Siddons, generally conceded to be the greatest actress in the history of the stage, is known to us merely as a name, but as an interesting one, and an alliterative one. Two generations ago Charlotte Cushman was crowned Queen of the Drama. Joseph Jefferson attained unprecedented popularity, playing the same part year after year, growing old in portraying it.

Furthermore, to enumerate a very few out of a great many, Lillie Langtry became famous by reason of her physical beauty rather than her dramatic ability. Maggie Mitchell was well known and well-liked, at home and abroad. Lotta was a great favorite. Her real name was Charlotte Crabtree.

Among players popular in America are Grace George, who has held to the ideal of establishing a stock company; Blanche Bates, who created the title-rôles in Belasco's productions of "Madame Butterfly," "The Darling of the Gods," and "The Girl of the Golden West," and has gained fresh laurels with Henry Miller in "Molière," and Isabel Irving, for many years a member of Augustin Daly's company, more recently appearing under the management of Al Woods.

Then there is Dorothy Dorr, who bears a striking resemblance to Lillian Russell, and Dorothy Donnelly, who, after attracting attention as a member of the old Murray Hill stock company, has now become a playwright and producer. Billie Burke turned from comic opera to light comedy, and has done well in the movies. Olive Oliver bears a curious name, but is a talented thespian.

Charles Cherry is a first-class leading-man, and Constance Collier is a first-class leading-woman, both players having been born in England, though transplanted to America. Walker Whiteside has long shone as a star, first in "Hamlet," and last in "The Little Brother." Valli Valli is featured in musical pieces, and has a name in which not only initials, but the name is repeated.

Marjorie Moreland bears the distinction of having been the fifth and last wife of the late lamented Nat Goodwin. James K. Hackett's first wife was Mary Mannering, and the second, Beatrice Beckley. It is of additional interest to note that Mary Mannering's real name was Florence Friend.

Kathryn Kidder attained popularity in the title-rôle of "Madame Sans-Gêne" when that piece was first produced in America. Cooper Cliffe created the part of "Nobody" in "Everywoman," and more recently appeared in "The Invisible Foe." Mrs. Fiske first gained notice as Minnie Maddern. Her latest success is in "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans."

Grace Griswold and George Giddens have alliterative names. Katharine Kaelred was born in England, received her stage schooling in Australia, and has since remained in America. Annie Adams was on the stage for many years, but is best remembered as the mother of Maude Adams. Harry Houdini, whose name is associated with handcuffs, is a great attraction on the stage and in the movies.

Lillian Lorraine and Justine Johnstone are much admired in musical comedies, principally because of their youth and beauty. Dorothy Dickson is in demand as a dancer. Michael Mordkine, a star of the Ballet Russe, was formerly a partner of Pavlova. Bothwell Browne is a female impersonator.

Margaret Mayo was formerly an actress, but is now a playwright, especially of "bedroom farces. Martha Morton, and her brother Michael Morton, both wrote plays. Paul Potte and Stanislaus Stange succeeded as dramatists. So did Jerome K. Jerome, whose alliterative appellation almost suggests stuttering! William Winter was a highly-respected dramatic critic.

In England there are many players who come under this alliterative classification. Violet Vanbrugh has long been a favorite. Marj Moore was for a generation leading-woman with Charles Wyndham. Sam Sothern, well-known in Great Britain, is a brother of our own E. F. Sothern. Suzanne Sheldon was born in America but established a reputation in England.

Horace Hodges and George Graves are popular players, as are also Lyston Lyle and Tom Terriss. Cecil Calvert, Florence Farr, Anna Augarde, and Fred Farren must be included in the list, and also Helen Hayes, and Madge McIntosh. Maude Millett and Maude Milton are talented performers.

George Grossmith has added lustre to the name borne by his actor-father before him. Letty Lind was a favorite dancer at the old Gaiety Theatre, and her sister, Adelaide Astor married George Grossmith. Charles Cartwright gained renown through his excellent characterizations.

Cecily Courtneige is the actress-daughter of a London manager. Margery Maude is the actress-daughter of Cyril Maude. Herbert Halliwell Hobbes believed that one good turn deserved not only another, but two others. Vesta Victoria gained fame and fortune in the music-halls, on both sides of the Atlantic.

And, last but not least, there is the cute and cunning, comic and clownish, criticized but conquering—Charlie Chaplin!



© Moffett

CHARLES CHERRY

Whose brilliant and irresistible portrayal of Pelham Franklin in "Scandal" is one of the best characterizations of his career

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

Charmingly youthful and piquant is Miss Larrimore as the diabolic heroine whose quest for adventure forms the basis of "Scandal"



Moffett

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Witzel

BERTHA MANN

THIS actress, who has scored heavily as Mary Garrison in "The Crimson Alibi," is a daughter of the South, being a native of Atlanta, Ga. She made her first stage appearance in "Peter Pan," and after that came a season in stock, followed by an engagement with Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." Later she appeared with Nicholas Orloff in the one-act play, "Vengeance," with such success that Arnold Daly engaged her to support him in the playlet, "Bryant 5800," alternating with "A Comedy for Wives." Other appearances were with Nance O'Neil in repertoire, Blanche Ring in "When Claudia Smiles," "Today," "The Weavers," and "Justice." Then came another season of stock on the Pacific Coast, after which she returned to New York and was seen in "One of Us," following this by playing with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead."



Ira L. Hilt



Edward Thayer Monr

GILDA GRAY

THIS dancer, whose refined "shimmying" is one of the features of the Shubert "Gaieties of 1919" at the 44th Street Theatre, is not only a newcomer to Broadway, but to the stage as well. As a matter of record, she has never appeared in a production before. Previous to the "Gaieties" she had been seen in various Chicago cabarets. Born in Poland, she was brought to this country at the age of seven. Miss Gray declares that "shimmying" is the outgrowth of Indian dances and a few years ago was brought into prominence by the Southern negroes. Her rendition of the "Blues," by the way, is expertly done and gives a value to this quaint and exotic song, never known to Broadway.

MARIE GOFF

WHO scored in the leading feminine rôle in "At 9:45," the new melodrama by Owen Davis which William A. Brady, Ltd., presented at the Playhouse, June 28, first attracted attention in "Never Too Late," a new play which Mr. Brady presented in Chicago a few months ago. The piece was a failure but Miss Goff was immediately re-engaged for "At 9:45." A native of San Francisco and graduate of the University of California, Miss Goff first faced the footlights in the Alcasar Stock Company in San Francisco. After playing there for a summer she acted the ingenue lead in "The Thirteenth Chair" on tour.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



LYRIC. "THE FIVE MILLION." Comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel. Produced on July 8 with this cast:

Ruth Hunter	Sue MacManamy
Mary	Marie Ahearn
Ada	Lucile Webster
Rhy MacDonald	Helen Barnes
Lil	June Holbrook
Phil Bishop	James Gleason
Nini Bishop	Marjorie Poir
"Mac"	William E. Meehan
Albert Weaver	Purnell Pratt
"Midge" Monahan	Beatrice Noyes
Douglas Adams	Ralph Morgan
Grant Adams	Percy Helton
Jefferson Adams	Charles Abbe
Otis Weaver	Robert McWade
Colonel Van Alstyne	Edward Poland
Dan Monahan	Harry Harwood
Al Higgins	Harry MacFayden
Queenie	Amy Ongley

PROBABLY no phrase in theatrical criticism has done more signal service than that which runs: "The play evidently contains all the elements of popular favor." I think it should be dragged out for use once more. This time that it may be applied to the new Comstock and Gest production, "The Five Million."

This new American comedy is, if I mistake not, the forerunner of a raft of plays that shall deal with the aftermath of the Great War. Few that treated of the actual happenings in the world-wide conflict got anywhere. The time was too near and the perspective too close, but what is happening in our natural life since the return of the boys who went abroad is a legitimate subject which would seem to provide fruitful stage material both comic and tragic.

It is not so much the plot of "The Five Million" that commands enthusiasm,—much of it has done service before—but the treatment is particularly fresh and breezy. The character sketching is effected with a strong and sure touch. The humorous dialogue is peculiarly telling. Of the sentimental side I may not wax eloquent. Two spots in its action dragged. They were both in which the authors attempted to play on the emotions.

Douglas Adams, naval aviator of Clinton Falls, N. Y., becomes engaged to Ruth Hunter prior to his venture overseas. He is reported killed. Ruth then shifts her affections to Bert Weaver, a slacker,

while Douglas' younger brother embezzles some bonds and places the onus on the reported dead one. But Adams is very much alive and bobs up on the day the town is celebrating the return of the boys. Forced to become a lawyer's clerk with the Weavers, he uncovers their crookedness, preserves the rights of an Irish inventor, finally marries his niece, clears his good name and generally establishes a substantial future for himself.

This rôle was admirably acted by Ralph Morgan, who not only looked the part but played with real sincerity and attractive charm. The men's rôles were all good and no better persons could have been selected for their personation. The Weavers, father and son, were most expertly presented by Robert McWade and Purnell Pratt; the aged G. A. R. veteran, loquacious and kindly, was pictured to the life by Charles Abbe; while a really moving bit of emotional acting was contributed by Percy Helton as the delinquent brother. Two capital sketches of character were a couple of doughboys, one who returned with a French bride and the other, who, serving as a cook in the army, had to fill the same office at home when he got back. James Gleason and William E. Meehan were most humorous exponents, while Harry Harwood lent comic unction to the inventor. The women were satisfactorily competent.

CORT. "THE OLD LADY." Operetta in one act, two scenes. Produced on July 14, with this cast.

Carlos	Consuelo Baillo
Luisa	Adelina Vehi
Sir George	Miguel Pros
The Marquis	Leandro Diaz
Don Manuel	Manuel Noriega
Fernando	Carlos Villarias
Federico	Jose Tamargo
Officer	Pepe Luis
Ujier	Jose Abeytua

"DREAMS OF THREE." Musical review in one act, five scenes, with the following cast:

Spanish Painter	Miguel Pros
French Painter	Miguel Santacana
Italian Painter	Carlos Villarias
The Landlady	Juana Andres
The Spanish Muse	Carmen Lopez
The French Muse	Adelina Vehi

The Italian Muse	Consuelo Baillo
The Sicilian	Manuel Noriega
The Cocaine	Nelly Alonzo
The Cocotte	Suzi
The Waiter	J. Trujillo
The Apache	Lola Bravo
Second Apache	Jose Abeytua
Dance of "Nitra," by Sidonia Hesch	

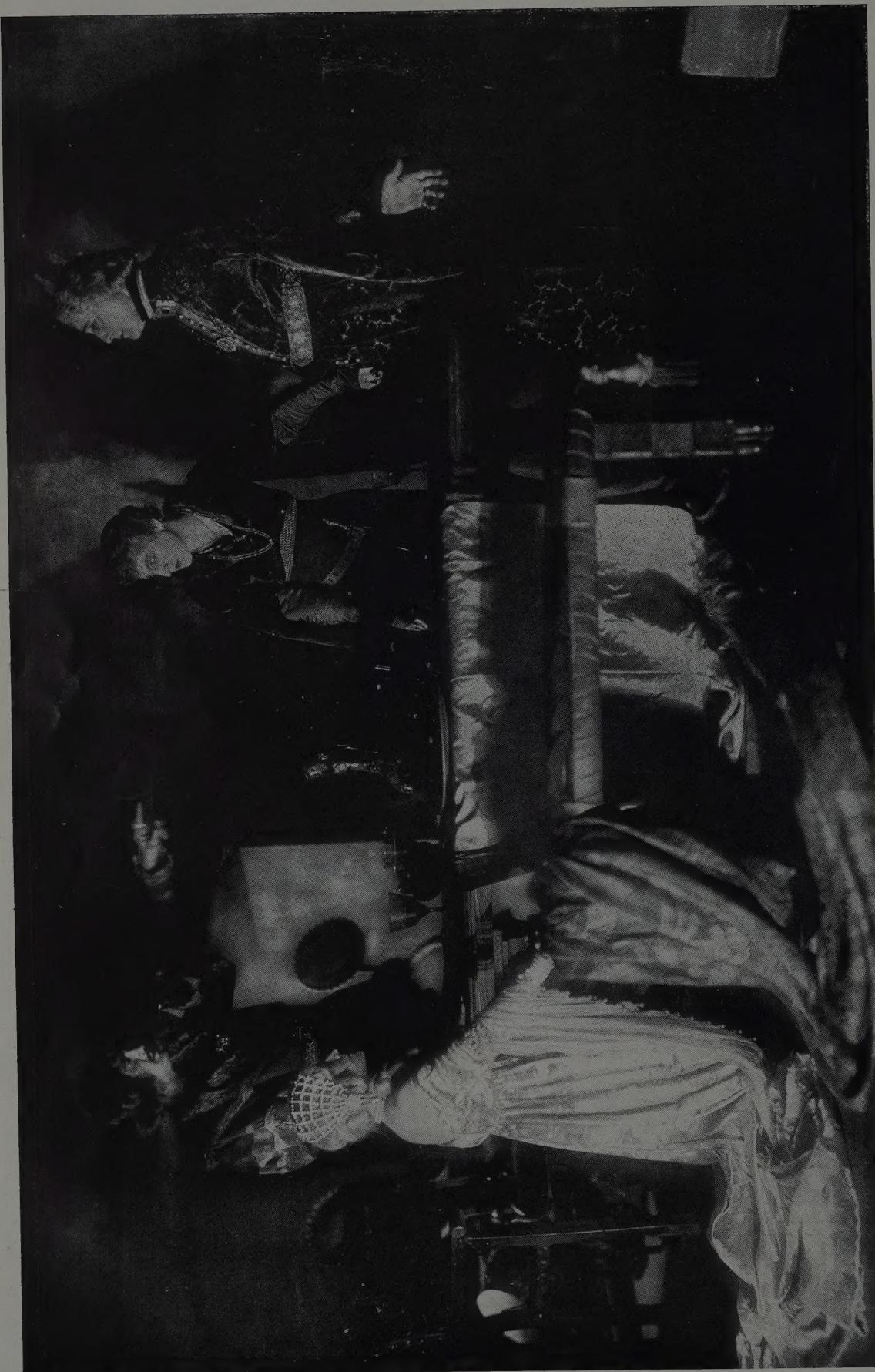
If patronage should correspond with the general good-will toward our visiting Spanish Opera Company their experience should be pleasant. Customarily, in no country do performances in a foreign tongue attract in numbers those who are not familiar with that tongue. Spanish-speaking people, however, acclaim these performances with delight. The Spanish spirit and methods of expression, the individualities and attractive types, and everything that affords novelty, should secure attention. We may learn from them. They have something to learn from us.

An Operetta in one act and two scenes, entitled "The Old Lady," is singularly remote from the literary fashion of to-day. Only the charm of music and personality could sustain—hardly for a single act—before American audiences the romanticism that causes a Captain in the Dragoons (played by an actress) to assume the disguise of an old woman in order to meet his loved one at a ball to which he was unbidden. But the Spanish Company carry it through daintily and pleasantly enough.

"Dreams of Three" is more in the nature of a modern comic opera continuity of frivolities. It is well worth the while. The scenes are laid in Venice, Paris and Seville. We see the characteristics of each place and have the dances, all the more effective in that they are true to each national artistic method and spirit. To see the true fandango, with castanets, one must see it here.

The production is very colorful. One or two specialties are very distinctive. Much is lost in not understanding the words, but there is a compensation in what is supplied to the eye. The chorus is satisfactory vocally and physically.

BROADHURST. "THE CRIMSON ALIBI." Melodrama in a prologue and four acts by Octavus Roy



From a photograph, copyright, Alfred Cheney Johnston
(Maude Hanaford) Ginerva Neri

Lionel Barrymore

Tornacuinci

Gianetto
(John Barrymore)

Tornacuinci
(Arthur Forrest)

Act. 1. NEIL: *Wor's my trade! I thopple over dukes and princes, I give and take away the crowns of kings. I'd pull the nose of any man in Christendom for two hairs from a blind dog's tail*

"THE WEST"—LAST SEASON'S DRAMATIC SENSATION—TO OPEN AGAIN ON BROADWAY

Cohen. Produced on July 17 with this cast:

Chuck Brown	Gardner James
David Carroll	Harrison Hunter
Professor Bristol	Wm. H. Thompson
James Leverage	John Ellis
Loomis	Thomas Traynor
Andrew Quincy	Robert Barrat
Collins	Roy LaRue
Robert Dorrington	George Graham
Larry Conover	Robert Kelly
Red Parks	Paul Kay
Mrs. Williams	Mary Foy
Judith Darrel	Edna James
Mrs. Dean	Thais Lawton
Mrs. Burrage	Inda Palmer
Mary Garrison	Bertha Mann
Mrs. Wrench	Mary Foy
Julia	Catherine Cozzens

THE Crimson Alibi" has the makings in it of one of the most successful melodramas of its kind. At times it is misty rather than mysterious. It begins with a fog—a dark stage in which green and gruesome and vari-colored lights play. One of the gleams cuts the throat of a man whom we do not see and of whom we know nothing. That much is self-explanatory, but it is not sufficiently self-explanatory. There is practically no action in it, for the mind of the audience has nothing to work on. Curiosity? There is not the slightest. It is theatricalism ineffective except as a bit of living color.

Many things are not self-explanatory, and are not adequately explained *ex post facto*—a method that at best is contrary to the bill of rights of the drama. There is also a plentiful lack of connection. People and things are plumped in. There is too much story. The play itself is not a complete action, but most of the scenes are gems.

The most effective scenes of this kind concern the maid in the family of the murdered man and her husband who had been sent, innocent, to the penitentiary and has escaped. He is suspected of the murder. His wife visits him at a cheap (melodramatic) hotel. The scene of endearment, sympathy and confidence, is good and touching drama. The rooms at this hotel are reached by stairways to balconies overlooking a rotunda. A companion convict, a criminal who would give his life for the innocent man who had befriended him in some way that is not explained, and is not self-explanatory, learns of the coming raid and arrest, gets the gang together, and as the police are taking the man off, turns off the lights and opens fire in the dark—a lurid moment. This is good melodrama, but as unsatisfactory as a moving picture flash.

The mystery is sought and solved by a writer who has become famous

for his detective stories and is called in by the Inspector. Nothing is more mysteriously and crudely managed in a dramatic way than the introduction and use of this character. And yet the craftsmanship in stage-management and in details is superb. Half a dozen of the actors made what fairly may be called Broadway hits—Harrison Hunter, Wm. H. Thompson, John Ellis, Robert Barrat, George Graham, Robert Kelly, Thais Lawton, Bertha Mann and others.

REPUBLIC. "A VOICE IN THE DARK." Melodrama in three acts by Ralph E. Dyar. Produced on July 28 with this cast:

Miss Gridley	Doris Kelly
Sam Cloyd	Frank Monroe
Robert Farrel	W. L. Thorne
Harian Day	William Boyd
Tom Hemmingway	Stewart E. Wilson
Adele Warren	Georgia Lee Hall
Blanche Warren	Olive Wyndham
Mrs. Maria Lydiard	Florine Arnold
Amelia Ellingham	Arleen Hackett
Miss Meredith	Harriet Ross
Hugh Sainsbury	Richard Gordon
Madge Conroy	Anne Sutherland
John Malone	John Sharkey
Joe Crampton	William B. Mack
The Coroner	John Ravold
Tip Wilkins	William Phinney
Doctor Franklin	Rexford Kendrick

I CONFESS I cannot wax superlatively enthusiastic over the fourth—I hope, for the present at least, it will be the last—of the cycle of murder mystery plays now investing our stage. "A Voice in the Dark," at the Republic, is a fair example of its class.

Its principal claim to originality lies in two of its characters, one an elderly woman, paralytic and stone deaf whose evidence apparently cinches the case against the innocent heroine; the other a derelict newspaper vendor, blind, who hears a confession and by subsequently recognizing the voices, is able to show up the real offender, the much abused wife of the villainously philandering murdere.

The moving picture idea for a "throw back" is utilized three times, once in pure pantomime, but its application is thin, commonplace and inept compared to the expert use made of it in "On Trial." The dialogue serves its purpose. If you wish to attend a fairly interesting Coroner's inquest acted out before you, "A Voice in the Dark" will serve its purpose for a couple of hours.

Florine Arnold as the obstinate and irascible deaf old lady was exceedingly clever, and that excellent actor, W. B. Mack, gave distinctive character to the blind man. The

nice manly directness of William Boyd as the lover of the suspected girl was quite refreshing. The object of his affections was portrayed by Olive Wyndham. A tense bit of highly wrought emotional acting was contributed by Stewart E. Wilson. It was so good that manager A. H. Woods ought to blow him off to a real suit of clothes.

Three highly colored sketches were firmly delineated by Frank Monroe, Anne Sutherland and John Sharkey. Miss Harriet Ross, who played a rôle which finally bore heavily on the plot, is a very pretty blonde. She was discreetly emotion-

S H U B E R T. "OH, WHAT A GIRL!" Musical farce. Book and lyrics by Edgar Smith and Edward Clark; music by Charles Jules and Jacques Presburg. Produced on July 28 with this cast:

Washington	Lew Cooper
Bill Corcoran	Frank Fay
Jack Rushton	Sam Ash
Margot Merrivale	Hazel Kirke
Lola Chappelle	Vera Groset
Luigi Fravola	Ignacio Martinelli
Downes	Harold Hulen
Carr	Mat Murphy
Taylor	George Stifter
Smathers	William Zinnel
Holmes	Harold Hulen
Williams	William Barry
Ross	Dave Dreyer
Deacon Amos Titmouse	Harry Kelly
Perkins	Sam Curtis
Susie Smith	Nancy Fair
Amanda Titmouse	Elizabeth Moffat
Cinderella	Clarice Snyder
Prince Charming	Ethel Mary Oakland
Fairy Godmother	Ma-Belle
Head Waiter	Lester Scharff

O H, What A Girl!" does not need any apology as a "summer show." The spring and summer "show" actually is—and should be—a myth, if it is meant to mean something inferior, something bad, as a substitute for something that necessarily is good owing to climatic conditions, in December.

There is no reason why a comic opera should or could be any lighter in summer than in winter. Why should it be any lighter or less tuneful or effective in any way? On a purely artistic basis we are going to have worse comic operas (if possible) when traffic will be tied up, with the snow shovellers busy.

It is a good entertainment that the veteran playwrights, Edgar Smith and Edward Clark, have supplied. The Comic Muse is crowned with the evergreen wreaths of humor. Theatrical efficiency is evident everywhere in the piece. It has abandon and dash and tunefulness and all that is needed to keep the spirits dancing. When Mr. Sam Ash ad-

vances to the footlights and sings "Oh, What a Girl," all distrust, if any existed, vanishes. It is an exceedingly convincing vocal panegyric. With certain reservations or explanations, Miss Hazel Kirke justifies every note of praise. But Mr. Harry Kelly is the chief luminary.

The action revolves around a Deacon who visits his city nephew and presently invites the gay revellers at the young man's apartments to visit him at his home, Cemetery Corners, N. J. The bucolic oddities of the Deacon, at times in a dress suit, topped with an elongated bald head and a plenitude of whiskers make up a good part of the transactions. The piece has this merit, that it is not the too customary assemblage of disconnected parts which results in a variety entertainment, but has consistency throughout and a story. When Lew Cooper the "colored" valet of the scapegrace nephew, sings of the insistent demands of a wife, "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme," it "belongs." Theatrical as it all may be in texture, there is expertness in making every trifle count that is astonishingly workmanlike, from the librettists down to the daintiest slipper in the back row of the chorus. The story has a bucolic summer vacation flavor about it. To make a summer festivity of the dreary precincts of Cemetery Corners is no mean achievement. The amatory Deacon is not an offense, but a source of harmless mirth.

If the general plan of the story is old, the special work is good and new. Renee Adoree and Lewis Slodes have an animated dance duet. Ma-Belle's solo dance is capital. There is a general excellence, nothing below a professional standard. Nancy Fair surprises you with the evidence that the cast is resourceful. Vera Grosset as a prima donna; Elizabeth (at a disadvantage in a scene or two) the Deacon's wife; Clarice Snyder, as Cinderella; Ethel Oakland, Sam Curtis as a country yokel, indeed all the cast, helped to make a sufficient success of this summery, shimmyry "show."

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES." Revisual comedy by Philip Bartholomae and John Murray Anderson; music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on July 15 with this cast:

The Gold Columbine	Cynthia Perot
The Silver Harlequin	Billie Holbrook
The Master of Ceremonies	Robert Edwards
The Widow of Haig and Haig	Susanne Morgan

The Widow's Mite	Harry K. Morton
Lady Godiva	James Watts
A Juvenile	Charles Derickson
A Thief	William Foran
The Marionette	Bessie McCoy Davis
The Ingenue	Irene Olsen
The Dancer	Rita Zalmani
The Dancer	Ada Forman

Ted Lewis

Jack Potter	Stewart Baird
Miss Revue	Josie Heather
Specialty	Ward Brothers
	Ina Williams

SAY the Shubert Brothers to their staff, "Are we going to allow all the 'Follies,' 'Scandals,' etc., to get away with all the money in New York? What is the matter with us taking a slice of it?" Some sarcastic individual shouted: "I have an idea—let's get up the 'Failures of 1919.'" A level-headed man, however, suggested hurriedly that the "Gaieties of 1919" would be more appropriate.

Within twenty-four hours, authors, musicians, librettists were at work. The next day the scene painters started, together with the costumers, and the "Gaieties" promise to become a yearly feature of New York theatrical life.

This style of show was previously intended exclusively for the T. B. M., but now everybody patronizes it. It would be a crime of *lèse-majesté* to acknowledge not to have been among those present at one time or another. The "Gaieties" are full of good fun, the perpetrators being ably led by that King of Jest, Ed. Wynn, whose dry humor is an institution in itself.

39TH STREET. "THE RED DAWN." Drama in three acts by Thomas Dixon. Produced on August 6 with this cast:

Tess Maloney	Mattie Ferguson
Fabia	Miriam Batista
Maria	Flora MacDonald
Richard Stanton	DeWitt Jennings
Zorin	Louis Lytton
Cargin	Austin Webb
Margaret	Frances Grayson
John Duncan	Averill Harris
Pierre	Marcel Rousseau
Rev. Luke Jones	John Saunders
Napoleon	Will Evans
Miss Vera Devere	Doraldina Simpson
	George T. Meech

44TH STREET. "THE SHUBERT GAIETIES OF 1919." In two acts and twenty-five scenes. Dialogue by Edgar Smith; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; with additional songs by Blanche Merrill; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on July 7, with this cast:

Auctioneer	Ed Wynn
The Blonde Vamp	Freida Leonard
The Brunette Vamp	Kathryn Hart
Mr. Fox Trot	Ted Lorraine
Miss Tango	Gladys Walton
Violet	Marjorie Gateson
Tom Brush	Harry Fender
Mrs. Flittington	Marguerite Farrell
Izzy	Augustus Minton
Captain Henry Bugsbee	George Hassell
Col. John Glubberson	William Kent
Sergeant Bragg	Jimmie Fox
Lieutenant Shapeleigh	Perle Germonde
Molly	Julia Bellew
Cholly	Kuy Kendall
Hobson	Frank MacMasters
Major Flittington	Frank Kingdon

BANG! The second in the cycle of dramas with social unrest as a leit motif exploded recently. Its T. N. T., time fuses, etc., were supplied from the laboratory of Thomas Dixon, former preacher, playwright and source of inspiration of the scenario of "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Dixon, of course, takes himself very seriously. It was difficult, however, to accept his thesis in any such vein. Nor was the interpretation calculated to enhance the value of the argument. Sound though it was in spots, it was couched in such platitudinous language as to utterly defeat its serious acceptance.

Bang! "The Red Dawn" began on a Thursday and closed on the succeeding Saturday.



Photos White

The Javanese number of the "Greenwich Village Follies" proves that the costumes are lavish, the girls pretty, and the scenery in excellent taste. Jeanne Carroll (center) is singing "My Little Javanese"



Cynthia Perot and Billy Holbrooke are charming figures in a "Pierrot" dance



Jimmie Watts and Rex Story in their "Dance Classique" burlesquing Pavlova and Nijinsky

GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS ITS "FOLLIES"



*Having finished
a successful
season, Fay
Hampton and
her pet, Zero,
were making
the most of the summer vacation
before starting rehearsing the new play*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

A STORY OF THE STAGE

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

CO-AUTHOR OF "PLEASE GET MARRIED"

Illustration by Ira L. Hill, Posed by Miss Grace Darling

JIMMIE Walsh watched Fay Hampton and Zero paddling about in a canoe. That is, Fay was paddling. Zero sat in the prow and watched her with that dignity that only a police dog can attain.

"Wish she's upset and the mutt would drag her ashore," grumbled Jimmie, "not that it would be anything startling, or that all the papers would fall for it, but it would be a starter."

From this one might easily win on the first bet that Jimmie Walsh was a press agent. Not that Jimmie would admit it. Ask him and he would flash a card which informed you that Mr. James O'Neil Walsh was "Publicity Representative" for the great theatrical producers, Blake & Lake. That is, the card did not state that Blake & Lake were great; Jimmie always essayed that information.

And Fay Hampton, so widely known in the theatrical world, was Mrs. Fay Hampton in private life, or, as it would please her most, Mrs. Donald Hampton, wife of the senior partner of Hampton & Jones, importers.

Having finished a most successful season in the title rôle of "All For Alice," and having been signed up to star in the forthcoming attraction, "Paste Jewels," Fay Hampton was making the most of the few weeks of private life before the rehearsals, the opening and the practically assured long run.

A few days previous to this, Lake had pushed a certain buzzer that summoned Jimmie to his office.



JIMMIE," he said, "it's time we began action on 'Paste Jewels.' Shoot out something original to the papers."

"Sure," grinned Jimmie. Inwardly he groaned. He knew what was coming.

"Interest people in this play. It's a corker."

"Certainly," answered Jimmie, taking a brace to begin again the old argument, "but don't you think people are more interested in players than in plays?"

"Fifty-fifty. Get busy with both. Hunt up Miss Hampton; she's off camping with her husband somewhere."

Jimmie went next day directly to the lake resort where Miss Hampton had her cottage. It was but a few hours' motor trip from the city. From the hotel he sauntered over to the cottage colony and talked with Miss Hampton.

"Something original about me?" she laughed, when Jimmie told her what Lake had said.

"She is all original," declared her husband, with an affectionate pat.

"Say that I know there are many in my profession who are far greater than I," she suggested. "Wouldn't that be original?"

"Original enough to cause me to lose my job and, what is fatal to a publicity representative, get a reputation as a faker," moaned Jimmie.



JUST say I am to star in 'Paste Jewels' and hope to make a success; that I like it better than any previous vehicle, and—Oh, you know, Jimmie, the old stuff. I must run along now."

And so Jimmie sat down by the shore of the lake and watched her in the canoe and wished the unholly wish that she would spill into the drink and be rescued by her dog. Nothing of the sort occurred. Jimmie knew well enough that it would not.

Guests were arriving. He recognized two, John Collingwood, the rather widely-known and successful lawyer, and Paul Atkins, in the Social Register, in the best clubs, with absolutely nothing to do, and yet with not sufficient time to spend his income. Jimmie knew other things about Atkins; probably every theatrical "publicity representative" in the city knew them, and knew that they were true.

"Oh, well, with their coin they get away with it," thought Jimmie.

Collingwood lived in the same lake colony in summer, in a cottage equally as attractive as that of Fay Hampton. Don Hampton and John Collingwood had been close friends for many years. But then, Atkins had also been a close friend of Hampton's for many years; they had been in college together.

Collingwood drove over with his wife, Atkins, not possessing any legal wife, motored over

from town with the newest model in de luxe cars and the dizziest thing in liveried chauffeurs. Others came along in their cars, each with a packed hamper, and the party started up into the country for a gypsy picnic. Jimmie languidly watched them go. He had been invited to join them, but politely refused. He yawned as they departed, strolled back to his hotel, wrote and sent to town a few "society notes" and "resort notes," each one of which, not at all strange to remark, contained most prominently of all the name of Fay Hampton. Her forthcoming play was also artlessly mentioned.

Then Jimmie had a hunch. He had many; that was why he held down his job. This hunch was simply to "cherchez la femme." Jimmie called it "Go see th' dame," the "dame" being Miss Hampton's maid. Jimmie sauntered back to the Hampton cottage and got into conversation with the young lady. The maid confessed that life was extremely tame for her during the couple months that Miss Hampton was idle. She preferred the city, the movies, the young men. It was deadly dull here. Not for the world would she stay were it not for the fun of her duties during the months that Miss Hampton was playing.

"I've got to dig up some good stories about her, and she won't give me any," bemoaned Jimmie.

"I thought all you press agent mek them up?" said the girl.



NOT a chance here. Miss Hampton won't stand for fakes," explained Jimmie, "but if I could get a line of straight stuff about her, you know, some chatty dope that women like to read—about her wardrobe, her likes and dislikes, what she prefers for breakfast, does she do her own cooking—"

"Non," laughed the maid; "Violet ees her cook. She ees what you call coon, only she half keel you should she hear it."

"I know her," said Jimmie. "Well, tell me something. Her favorite colors, dresses, breakfast food, types of men—"

"Ah!" Marie's eyes twinkled. "Types of men.

? She like them ver' black of hair, ver' stylish, ver' wealthy."

Jimmie scowled in thought. Donald Hampton was not black of hair, not extremely stylish, nor very wealthy. He was blonde, plain business type and only moderately well off.

"Er—for instance?" said Jimmie, and smiled. "Monsieur Atkins, perhaps. Who knows?" The girl arched her eyebrows.

"Hell!" said Jimmie, under his breath, but he was after information first, last and all of the time. He retained his smile. And in his wisdom did not eagerly ply her for information, he did not say "I don't doubt it. Tell me all about it." Rather, he kept up his smile, lighted a cigarette and then said, "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense, eh?" said the girl, "perhaps, but I, I sure would lak such nonsense from such a French man. I see him follow her everywhere, see him melk eyes at her. I see him kiss her! Now what you theen?"

"I think you are making a very grave mistake in repeat any such piffle. It was probably all in."

"Yes?" said the girl.

Jimmie wanted to box her silly pink ears. Somehow, he hadn't felt as uncomfortable in arms as he did while walking back to his hotel. What the maid said was true. She had seen Paul Atkins kiss Fay Hampton. Unfortunately for Jimmie's peace of mind, she had not seen that followed. She had not seen the stinging blow delivered by Fay Hampton upon the flushed face of Atkins, she had not heard the conversation that followed.

In the first place, Fay Hampton loved her husband better than all else on earth, yes, better than her profession, better than her fairly won fame as an actress among the top-notchers. In the second place, she had never liked Paul Atkins and had been on the verge of telling her husband that truth many times. But Hampton was really fond of Atkins. Hampton regarded him as his closest friend, and Fay Hampton knew this. For this reason she always hesitated about saying anything that would hurt her husband's feelings.



BOTH at their city home and at Fay's suburban cottage, Atkins had been a frequent, almost a constant, visitor. He was one of the first friends Hampton brought to his home after his marriage.

On one occasion Fay did say, "Donald, I wish Mr. Atkins would not be quite so—er—all, friendly. It embarrasses me."

"My dear, Paul is a good old scout. Do you know he is immensely fond of you, but aside from all that, he is attentive to you because you are my wife." Hampton was quite certain of this.

It had continued to a disagreeable extent during the previous summer vacation. During the working season there was less opportunity. This season Atkins' attentions had become more embarrassing than ever to Fay Hampton. He asked for too many dances, he said too many little things to her that she succeeded in densest overlooking, he patted her hand or arm too often when her husband was not about. Then came this time when, alone with her in the cottage living-room, he had suddenly taken her in his arms and kissed her. At the same time, during the moment that he held her struggling, she poured out in passionate words his desire for her.

It was the kiss that her maid saw. But her maid withdrew, discreetly, as she thought. Had she remained a moment longer she would have seen and heard the blow, and the torrent of

hate Fay Hampton poured out in few words.

"You are a vile thing, Paul Atkins! Only because my husband believes you are such a friend have I permitted you to be in my house. I still hesitate to hurt him, to break his faith in you. But I must."

Atkins, of course, begged. It goes without saying that he had a yellow streak in him the full width of his brain. He used the time-worn excuse: he could not prevent his love, it simply burst forth, he had tried to disguise it.

"You never knew the meaning of love," scorned Fay.

Atkins protested, begged, promised to never look at her, to touch her or to speak to her more than was necessary in society, if only she would remain silent.

Fay Hampton was a clever actress because she was imaginative and, being imaginative, she could picture the hurt that would come to Donald Hampton when he knew that Atkins was, after all these years, no friend, but the worst enemy. And so Fay Hampton delayed telling her husband.



A ATKINS was a fool, of course, and as far from being a man as it is possible. He actually believed that Fay Hampton possessed a secret liking for him; that, after all, her repulse had been more a bit of acting than anything else. The fact that she had not told her husband was one reason for this belief.

The kissing episode had occurred a fortnight before the maid told it to Jimmie Walsh. Things in the Hampton cottage had run on about the same, outwardly. Atkins knew better than to stop calling. There would be explanations to make. Furthermore, he held to the belief that Fay Hampton did not mean half that she had said, and that he could win her, as he had so many others. To his credit, or rather to his excellent judgment of beautiful women, he was as much in love with her as it lay in his power to be in love with anyone except Paul Atkins. He was determined to have Fay Hampton. He believed that he would succeed.

At the picnic, on the day Jimmie Walsh had run out to the cottage colony, Atkins became a trifle more bold. He sat beside Fay Hampton at the spread. She flushed and looked about for a means of escape. Atkins mistook the nature of the flush altogether. He was that sort of a male. She could not get up and find another place because her husband sat on her other side. Nor could she ask her husband to change places. Atkins touched her hand now and then in passing things. And while Fay Hampton inwardly raged and recoiled, Atkins inwardly gloated and told himself that she was as good as his.



THERE had been a bit of gossip before this.

But then, there would have been under any circumstances. Caesar's wife would have understood. Kate Harris was partly the cause. She wanted Paul Atkins' fortune and was quite willing to take him along with it. She had practically told him as much. Atkins did not want Kate Harris and he had practically told her as much. A most dangerous thing to do, according to all history that has been either chronicled or handed down as legendary.

Kate had dropped a few words of sugar-coated poison in Donald Hampton's ear. He had laughed at her and forgotten it the next moment. But it was there, ready to flash back into memory.

Atkins did not motor back to town after the picnic, but put up at the hotel. When Jimmie Walsh saw him there he lost the smile that he had almost recovered after his interview with the maid. Atkins did not know Jimmie, but every theatrical man knew Atkins. Jimmie looked back through the register and found that Atkins had not stopped there before during the season. Somehow he didn't like it all. He had a hunch that something would come of it, doubtless some good publicity stuff. Of course, he would have to do it, and of course if there was a break in the Hampton domestic relations, it would be the wife who was innocent and the husband who was all wrong, so far as his version for publication was concerned.

The next morning Jimmie saw Atkins pick up Hampton and start for the city. He felt relieved. After all, it was only a chattering French maid's gossip. He called on Fay Hampton that afternoon, since she had no guests that day, and went over the new play situation and discussed possible phases of the publicity that she knew quite well to be necessary. Then came the jolt. As Jimmie was leaving, Atkins rode into the pebbled driveway of the Hampton cottage, with his liveried chauffeur. Donald Hampton was not with him. Atkins looked at Jimmie queerly, a trifle suspiciously. He was that sort. Jimmie eyed him coldly, and with much suspicion.

But if Jimmie got a jolt, Fay Hampton got a double jolt. Jimmie hurried away. Atkins hopped out. Fay Hampton stood open-eyed in the doorway.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "where is Donald? Has anything happened to him?"

"Plugging away at his desk, like a dull slave. Not a thing has happened to him," declared Atkins, lightly.

Fay froze instantly.

"Then why—"

"Why did I come back?" queried Atkins. Fay nodded.

"Have something of interest to say. It won't wait." And Atkins coolly entered and tossed his cap on a hall stand.



THERE is nothing of interest to me that you can say," declared the woman.

"Not about Don?"

"Oh!" she gasped, "then something has happened? Tell me."

Atkins smiled and stepped into the living-room. She followed.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"Tell me," she demanded, ignoring his request.

"Why—er—very well, I will tell you. Don's all right, but Good Gad, Fay, not for a wonderful woman like yourself. He doesn't half appreciate you, he cannot do the things for you that I could, such as building a theatre to be named for you, to—"

Fay's eyes distended—she was of two minds, whether to leap at him and claw him or to turn and run. She turned to go but he was too quick for her and caught her in his arms.

"Be sensible," he said.

She tore herself from his grasp.

"Your promise! You have broken it! There is nothing left for me except to tell Donald!"

"You wouldn't be so silly," he laughed lightly. It was assuredly the wrong time to laugh.

"The moment that he steps into the house. And you had best be far away from here."

"Are you serious, Fay?"

"Don't call me Fay! Don't speak to me or look at me. Get out!"

"Now don't make a scene. Don't tell Don, I beg of you. Can't you understand that it is a compliment to a woman, to be loved, as I love you?"

Fay pointed to the door.

"Now I beg of you—"

She continued to point at the door.

"Even as I am begging of you now to come with me, so shall I make you beg of me to take you away. Remember that cheerful little prophecy, will you, Fay?"

Atkins turned quickly and walked out. Fay dropped into the nearest chair and stared into space for fully five minutes, then studied her new play furiously to get her mind off the whole thing.

Atkins had intended telling her that Donald Hampton was not coming out for dinner that night, but was going to remain in at a banquet. However, Hampton sent his wife word to this effect. Had he telephoned, himself, rather than have his secretary do it, there would have been nothing much worth relating about the Hamptons.

That night, to all appearances, Paul Atkins was awaiting the arrival of someone from the train. He sat in his car at the little station where he could see every passenger that alighted and crossed the narrow platform beneath the electric lights. But when the 11:55 from the city arrived it would seem that whoever it was Atkins had expected had not arrived, for he left the station and drove away.

The station master saw him leave.



HUMPH," he thought, "that guy's a funny quitter. Here he's waited for th' last five trains and then leaves when there's only one more out tonight. His party's just as likely to be on that as any."

The station master's guess was only half right. The "party" was coming on the next train, but Paul Atkins was well aware of it. He didn't want to be there when that party came, for the "party" was Donald Hampton. The next train was due in twenty minutes. Atkins sat in his car in a dark and lonely spot in the road until the last train pulled in. Then he scurried across a lot and into the Hampton yard. He looked up anxiously, and grinned. Through the shade shone a dim light. With surprising skill he clambered up a pillar of the veranda to the veranda roof. He crouched there until he saw Donald Hampton walk briskly up the gravel path and heard him let himself in. Then Atkins removed his coat and held it under his arm. He disarranged his tie, he mussed his hair and deliberately shoved up the window screen and stepped into the room.

Fay had just fallen asleep. Atkins' entrance awakened her.

"Is that you, dear?" she asked, sleepily.

"Yes, it is your 'dear' all right," said Atkins, sharply, and with a nasty laugh.

"Who is it?" gasped Fay, sitting up and snapping on the light. Then she screamed.

Donald Hampton, below, heard the scream. He made the stairs in about three leaps and rushed into the room.

Atkins was coolly putting on his coat.

"Well, Fay," said Atkins, "he got us at last, eh? If you need me—and you will—I'll take care of you."

With that he was out of the window. Donald Hampton had, for the instant, been frozen to the spot. He leaped for his chiffonier, opened a drawer, took out the revolver and rushed to the window.

Atkins had slid down the pillar and was gone across lots in the darkness.



DONALD HAMPTON listened, made a move as if to clamber out, thought better of it, and turned back to the bed where Fay sat sobbing.

"I won't shoot your lover. It would only bring disgrace on me. And this is about all the disgrace I care to shoulder," he said, tossing the weapon back in the drawer.

"Donald!"

Fay extended her arms. Her husband stood motionless.

"Donald, he was in and out again all within a minute. Go and find him, go and shoot him. If you don't, I shall!"

Her husband made no sound, no move.

"My dear, can't you understand? This terrible creature you believed to be your best friend—Oh, I should have forbidden him the house long ago. Can't you see what he has tried to do?"

"Tried to do?" thundered Donald.

"Donald, oh God, what are you saying? You don't believe—"

"Save your dramatics for the stage."

"Donald!"

If he heard her he gave no evidence of it. He turned and left the room, went down the stairs, picked up his hat and left the house.

It was a short walk to the hotel. Jimmie Walsh, night owl by nature, was taking a short walk up and down in front of the hotel and smoking a good-night cigarette. When he saw Hampton enter the hotel and register, his mouth opened so wide that the cigarette fell to the ground. But he recovered readily and stepped into the office in time to see Hampton go into a telephone booth.



JIMMIE decided to remain in the background. He went out and sat in a dark corner of the hotel veranda where he could keep an eye on the open door. Hampton came out and went down to the walk, where he paced nervously up and down, smoking furiously, but consuming more of the cigar by chewing it than by burning. It seemed an hour to Jimmie, but it was probably no more than fifteen minutes before John Collingwood approached hurriedly. He was certainly not strolling about for an airing. Hampton

met him and they exchanged a few words, then started off up the street.

Jimmie wanted to know. He followed at a discreet distance, his rubber soles making no sound. Collingwood and Hampton came to a halt in front of Collingwood's home, went into the yard and sat down in a little Summer house. Jimmie managed to get near enough to hear a few words. What came to his ears was something like this:

"—there's been gossip—Oh yes, plenty of evidence—ordinarily I won't touch such cases, but this one—then you will?—can arrange it—no publicity—no, the dirty dog isn't worth it—yes, at the hotel. The cottage is hers, you know—at ten tomorrow—my office—"

Jimmie sneaked back to the hotel. He was frowning. It was Atkins, of course. So they had something on him. Well, Jimmie was disgusted with his job. He had never believed it—Fay Hampton had been perfection in his eyes. He thought he knew them all. Gad, if she could fool him like that, knowing her as well as he did, what woman could a man trust? He supposed he would have to cook up some sensational yarn, possibly the jealous husband—wrongfully suspected wife type. Anything so long as it left a halo about the fair brow of Fay Hampton and heaped the fault on her husband's shoulders. Life was a hell of a rotten deal, taken by and large, he was sure of it, and he tumbled into bed for a nightmarish night of it.



FAY was keen, but, after all, she was truly feminine, and a hysteria of sobbing fell to her lot for the most of the night, with her frantic maid asking a stream of questions, all of which were unanswered. The maid wasn't at all happy. She had planned to meet a certain young man in the garden late that night and now—well, where was Monsieur? Madame couldn't answer, only sob afresh. What had happened? Did Monsieur know? Again Madame made no answer other than hysterical sobbing.

But dawn cleared the mind of Fay Hampton somewhat. She telephoned to her husband's office. She was asked who it was. She told them. There was a little wait, then the information, "Mr. Hampton is too busy to be disturbed." When could he speak to her? Another pause, another reply, "It was impossible for Mr. Hampton to state."

At noon she called again. This time she used the name of Mrs. Collingwood. Donald Hampton came on the wire at once. "Yes, Mrs. Collingwood?"

"Oh Donald, it is Fay—"

"Click" and a dead telephone. More telephoning. A report that no call from her exchange was to be answered at that office.

Then Fay raved. It was unjust, it was wicked. It should be Donald who came pleading to her, to her who had loved him so dearly, so faithfully. She wrote him a letter. (*Concluded on page 167*)





From a portrait by Jean De Strelecki

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

WHO earns \$2,500 a week in Keith vaudeville and deserves it. Formerly she was supported by no less than sixty people in her act, but now she is the entire show for she sings, dances, acts, imitates, designs her own costumes and scenery, writes her own material, and even assists the orchestra. Truly, *Variety* is the place for Gertrude Hoffmann

HOW I PICK BEAUTIES

Only thirty out of five thousand eager candidates chosen for the "Midnight Frolic"

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.



WHEN I select beauties for my "Follies" or for my still more exacting Midnight or Nine O'clock "Frolic," I try to choose the American type. This I do for two reasons:

First to make my task easier: There is a larger percentage of beauties in America than in any other country. I do not claim that choosing haphazard, an American woman, an English woman, a French or a Spanish woman, that the American is sure to be the greater beauty. What I do assert and am prepared to prove by any beauty of nations that any doubter may wish to arrange, is that there will be more beautiful women in any group of one hundred Americans than there will be in any group of like number in any nationality in the world.

By such a test it will be shown that five per cent. of all American women are beautiful. Five of every hundred conform to the established canons of perfection in loveliness. Fifty per cent. are pretty, pleasing or personable. They possess possibilities of development by dress, training and deportment. Over the remaining forty-five per cent. we will draw the veil of kindly silence. I want to live long.



THE American woman of natural beauty is the world's leader in physical loveliness. I do not know why this is. The facts are sufficient for me. There is a theory that the American woman unites in her the finest points of all other nations. It is not unreasonable to contend that the melting pot which fuses the mental characteristics of nations likewise blends their qualities of beauty. But the American woman is prone to err on one point. Being beautiful she seeks to further enhance her beauty by too much "make-up." She makes the same mistake as the French woman in this respect. The French woman is wholly artificial in dress, in manner, in thoughts, in speech. She makes up too much. If a woman does not make-up to look natural she had better use no make-up aids.

This American habit, so like the French, of too much make-up, is a great draw-back when I select girls for the "Frolics." On the stage, extremes of "make-up" are not so noticeable. But in the "Frolics," the beauties must dance and sing amongst the patrons. They should have no more "make-up" than do the women sitting at the tables.

Barring this annoyance, which sometimes reaches the point of exasperation, it is not as difficult as might be expected to choose a beauty for the Ziegfeld productions. Good looking girls want to join my organization. They apply in person. I see them all, because I want to maintain my personal standard of beauty. Mr. Ned Wayburn, left to himself, selects a girl for her training and agility. He wants the girl who can do the work. He doesn't care how she looks.

I saw five thousand girls in order to select the thirty beauties for the "Midnight Frolic." I maintain that the results justify the time and patience expended. I assert that the thirty girls in the "Midnight Frolic" are the most beautiful women in the world.

On days of inspection the girls pass through



© Raphael Kirchner

Well-known Kirchner poster which the artist entitled "Temptation" and adopted by Mr. Ziegfeld as the universal type of attractiveness

my office in long lines. As they pass I say "Yes" or "No." That is all. Those to whom I say "Yes" go down to the stage and report to Mr. Wayburn. He knows that if I send them it is because they reach my standard of beauty. He then tests their ability to dance.

I sometimes hesitate in my choice. As soon as a girl enters that door I know whether she is beautiful enough for a Ziegfeld production. But I am not sure whether she has the grace and personality which are supplementary needs. She may be awkward or she may be stupid. Beauty and brains are not often found together. But a girl must be bright enough to speak a line well. If in doubt upon the point of intelligence, I talk to them. When in doubt about the possibilities of graceful movements I ask them if they have seen the picture farthest from them. They have to cross the floor to look at it. I am in doubt

now as to a girl waiting outside. She is beautiful but not clever and she has big feet.

There are recognized points of beauty. The Greeks had their arbitrary standards. An Italian of the middle ages made his pronouncement that only those eyes were beautiful that were of deep brown. He said, too, that only that mouth was beautiful that, when it smiled, revealed but five teeth. The Ziegfeld beauty who smiled on a width of five teeth would be "fired." I am governed by what I regard as beautiful.

I believe that there are six chief points of beauty. They are what I note in my swift, comprehensive first view of an applicant.

First, eyes: They must be large. They must be soulful. In color they must be blue or brown. Grey eyes cannot be beautiful. They are too hard, too intellectual. They are the eyes of the typical college girl. Black eyes are seldom beautiful. They have an opaque quality that is repellent.

Second, nose: It must be straight. It must be shapely. It must be of a size in proportion to the rest of the face.

Third, teeth: They must be regular and white. The nearer they look like the proverbial pearls or grains of young white corn the better.

Fourth, hair: It must be natural. No woman with bleached or dyed hair reaches my standard of beauty. She shows her lack of the sense of beauty and fitness when she attempts to improve upon nature. Old, yes, but true. As old and as true as love. Nature paints a girl's hair red, her skin clear and white, her eyes blue. Who could improve upon that color scheme?

Fifth, feet and ankles: They must be small and trim.

Sixth, a buoyant walk: The woman who walks with a rolling gait, an uneven one, or who drags her feet as though there was lead in her boots, misses an important point in the sextette of beauty.



IN the eyes and manner of everyone who talks to me about the Ziegfeld beauties I see the question: "How do you choose girls of such beautiful legs? How—Er—Ah?"

That is simple. The proficient eye can judge correctly of a woman's figure by her feet and ankles. The fashions, especially those of France, allow a good ground and sectional view of the twin foundations. Having had that sweeping view I confidently send the candidate to the stage for a rehearsal. She gets into practice clothes. If she happens to have bowed knees or the kind that interfere, Mr. Wayburn's is the shock. She is swiftly but kindly eliminated.

There are other but more immediately obvious bars to joining Ziegfeld beauties. If a girl's teeth are dark or irregular she cannot enter into the pulchritudinous fold. The girl with an ugly nose has no more chance with us than a certain oft-cited camel in the celestial regions. Nor can the girl with the duck waddle, the commonest feminine gait, hope for our favor.

There is no standard as to size. Symmetry is the thing. Correct proportion is what counts. I have had girls in my company who weighed one hundred forty-five pounds, but looked like Venus. Proper distribution of weight or curves



Abbe



© Hixon-Connelly

This is not really an Indian, but a remarkable study of Cleveland Bronner who is doing unusual dances in vaudeville

Pauline Garon, without previous stage experience, came to New York, and by her prettiness and promise, secured a part in "A Lonely Romeo"



Abbe

A photographic study of the words, "They were married and lived happily forever after."—James L. Crane and his wife, Alice Brady



Strelcicki

is the solution. So neither height nor brevity are handicaps. Unequal placing of weight and curves is an insuperable obstacle. While I cannot say that no girl with dyed hair need apply, we do not go out into the highways nor byways to seek her. Nature is a better wig-maker than Willie Hepner. She knows more about mixing colors than even did our marvelous and lamented Raphael Kirchner.

Speaking of Kirchner, on the left wall of my office hangs a colored sketch of a girl that is the universal type of attractiveness to men. She is slender yet has what the French term *fausse maigre*. One beginning curve blends deliciously into successive ones. She has a roguish smile, more from the sidewise glancing eyes than from her lips. Raphael Kirchner must have considered her the universal type for he named her "Temp-

tation."

Almost everybody has met temptation. I said universal. But I apologize for speaking only of the man half of humanity. The girl whom Kirchner called "Temptation" and I call "The Woman in Black," is the type that every man admires. But I have heard few women admire her. Dolores, the very tall, very thin, very chic model, seems to be the universal type for women's admiration. Marilynn Miller has the quality of beauty that is like a ray of sunshine. Jessie Reed and Martha Mansfield are beautiful women.

But audiences of the "Follies" and the "Frolics" have observed that while I have my own standards of beauty I have also catholicity of taste. You see on my stage every type of beauty. Beauty is a mixed banquet. It is a garden in which many varieties of flowers grow. But I

endeavor to show perfect examples of every type.

One type is missing because the taste of the public has eliminated it. Time was when big women were admired on the stage. They were so tall and broad that skirts were imperative. One sees them on the boards no more.

Objects of nature typify womanly beauty according to the special taste of that beholder. Some beholders see beautiful women as rare flowers, the wood violet, the rose or the lily or the orchid. Others, and they not of the finest sensibilities, see them as race horses. On my desk, on the piano, on the table yonder are trays. Beneath the glass of those trays you see butterflies. Their outspread wings are blue, a blue as deep and brilliant as Joseph Urban's back drops. It is thus, as butterflies with brilliant wings outspread, I see women.

DO YOU KNOW THAT —

LILLIAN RUSSELL was born in Clinton, Iowa, and showed marked musical talent at the early age of six?

Laurette Taylor is now in London on a vacation?

Jane Cowl played one of the giggling girls in the original production of "The Music Master" with David Warfield?

The rights to more than 500 Yiddish plays have been secured by A. H. Woods, who has taken over the work of a group of Yiddish writers for a term of twenty years?

The Charles Frohman Co., Inc., theatrical producers, has been acquired by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and will be operated in association with the motion picture enterprise?

Henry Miller announced many years ago that he was to play "Hamlet" out-of-town, whereupon a New York newspaper printed the following: "Henry Miller will attempt to play 'Hamlet' tonight. This crime will occur in Albany."

Arnold Daly began as an office boy for Charles Frohman?

Elsie Janis has a remarkable gift for writing verse?

David Warfield was the first member of his family to become an actor?

Ethel Barrymore appeared as Nora in "A Doll's House" at the New Lyceum Theatre in 1905 with Bruce McRae as Torvald and Edgar Selwyn (now the theatrical producer) as Dr. Rank?

George Bernard Shaw was first introduced to American theatre audiences by Richard Mansfield?

Maxine Elliott is a Kentuckian, and her real name is Jessie McDermott?

Louis Mann began his stage career at the age of three when he appeared in a series of Grimm's fairy tales?

Robert Louis Stevenson's novel "The Master of Ballantrae" will be Walker Whiteside's next play?

Doraldina, known for her sinuous Hawaiian dances, is to play a strong dramatic rôle in the forthcoming production of "The Red Dawn"?

Klaw and Erlanger are about to dissolve partnership?

Joseph Jefferson's stage career extended over a period of seventy-one years?

Bertha Kalich headed the Yiddish stock company in the Bowery before making her debut in English speaking drama on Broadway?

Morris Gest, the theatrical producer, is a son-in-law of David Belasco?

Sam Bernard first met Weber and Fields when he was a young actor playing in Coney Island, earning twenty-five per? Twenty years after he was engaged by them for the Weber and Fields Music Hall.

There is an actor colony in Great Neck, L. I., some of the residents being George M. Cohan, Donald Brian, Joseph Santley, Jane Cowl, Olga Petrova, Raymond Hitchcock, Guy Bolton, Ernest Truex and John E. Hazzard?

A play based on the life of Abraham Lincoln is the dramatic sensation of London?

E. A. Sothern once wrote in reply to a request for an autograph: "In answer to your note for my autograph I beg to say I never give one. Yours, Dundreary."

Margaret Anglin was born in the House of Parliament in Ottawa? Her father was the Speaker of the House, and it was customary for the Speaker to live in the Parliament Building.

Wilton Lackaye wished to be a priest when a young man and even began studying for the priesthood, but seeing Annie Russell in "Esmeralda" he became stage struck and decided to become an actor?

De Wolf Hopper's famous verses, "Casey," were found in a San Francisco newspaper, and for four years Mr. Hopper tried to trace the author? He finally discovered that he was Ernest L. Thayer, a well-to-do manufacturer who wrote the poem merely to kill time.

William S. Hart played the part of The Bad Man in the stage production of "The Squaw Man"?

Margaret Lawrence of "Tea for Three" is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the U. S. service?

William E. Meehan, of "The Five Million," once sang and danced in burlesque?

Cohan and Harris kept Max Marcin's play, "The House of Glass" two years before producing it?

John Mason played in "The Witching Hour" nine hundred and seventy times?

Winchell Smith, who produced such successes as "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," and "Three Wise Fools," is a playwright and actor, too?

Blanche Bates is the mother of two wonderful children and the wife of George Creel?

Nedra Harrigan, a daughter of the well-beloved Ned Harrigan, will appear with Chauncey Olcott in "Macushla"?

Members of the casts of musical productions get no salaries during the long rehearsals, and if the piece is a frost all their time and energy is wasted?

Pearl White started her career as a news-girl? At a very early age she sold newspapers in her home town, Sedalia, Ohio. Her father was Irish, her mother Italian, and there were nine other White children in the family.

Props for a pretentious musical entertainment have been known to cost \$15,000?

Ina Claire is a graduate of the school of vaudeville? She made her debut in Variety when fifteen years old, being given the opportunity by a New York vaudeville manager.

Fannie Ward has a larger collection of jewels than any actress in the world?

Anna Case's father was a blacksmith of South Branch, N. J., and when she was a young girl she collected his bills for him?

Geraldine Farrar, who once emphatically declared, "I shall never marry," is now the wife of Lou Tellegen who is also her leading man on the screen?

In 1878, Robert Mantell supported Modjeska in "Camille;" Henry Miller and W. J. Ferguson being other members of the company?

Billie Burke's father was a popular singing clown in a touring circus, and when she went on the stage, she took his name?

A famous New York manager said, "When a play is accepted the first thing I do is to have the author rewrite it?"

Frank Bacon, the star of "Lightnin'," is as successful at prune growing as he is at acting, and he has marketed prunes between seasons of his playing on the stage?



(Left)

BEATRICE MAUDE

Stuart Walker, whose aim it has been to establish a repertory company of the highest grade, can boast of this gifted and attractive young player among his ranks. The company has been giving a summer season of stock in Indianapolis with marked success



(Right)

MARGARET MOWER

Who has been a conspicuous figure in the Stuart Walker Company, and will no doubt be prominent in the casts of "The Magnificent Ambersons," the Booth Tarkington novel, and the new play adapted from Wallace Irwin's "Hashimura Togo" stories which Mr. Walker is to stage

BURBANKING OUR DRAMA

Weary of bedroom farce, theatres demand plays based upon big, fundamental aspects of American life

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



LUTHER BURBANK, the genius of the garden, has made the inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom do stunts that Dame Nature never intended them to do. He has even made two vegetables grow where there was only one before, and has come pretty close to persuading figs to grow from thistles—something that no self-respecting fig ever really wants to do, even at the siren call of Mr. Burbank. This California magician is the most honest and successful grafter in the world—so successful, in fact, that he has Bolshevikized the Vegetable Kingdom and weeded out all the conservative or bourgeoisie elements. His composite vegetables are hybrid creatures that have no individuality of their own. A peach tastes like a pear and a pear tastes like a persimmon. The day is coming when fruits and vegetables will taste like an old-fashioned crazy quilt looks. Thus has he Burbanked the vegetables and fruits until the poor little things are suffering from hopeless amnesia.

There is a moral here for the ambitious playwright who attempts to graft upon the technique of the drama distinct attributes of the motion picture that will no more mix with good drama than an Irishman with an A. P. A. The result of such grafting is a wobbly, weak-kneed dramatic offspring that is neither play nor picture. It is a sort of everyplay that is too puny to stand the glare of the footlights and soon dies of inanition. And this is as it should be, for there is no more deadly and blighting influence at work in our theatre to-day than this pernicious practice of trying to combine in one, two separate and distinct arts—if you can call scenario writing an art, which I certainly do not. If our playwrights persist in this practice, we shall develop a mongrel drama that will ultimately bite itself and die of hydrophobia.



M R. BURBANK has succeeded not only in preserving the original flavor of a fine peach, but has developed and augmented it. Personally, however, I prefer the unaugmented flavor of the peach before it became the victim of scientific experimentation. And I like my drama straight—just as I like my whiskey. Doing things to them does not improve the flavor, according to my lights. Mr. Shakespeare says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Nevertheless, I believe that any unprejudiced person would rather smell a rose than a Camembert—even if the odor were apparently the same.

We have become accustomed to certain forms and formulas in the building of plays and I think these forms should be adhered to. By this, I don't mean that a playwright must smother his individuality and write conventional drama. By no means. But I do think that a playwright who takes his work seriously should strive to write in the conventional form, no matter how unconventional his theme.

We had many horrible examples last winter of plays sired by the drama and dam'd by the movies, and, in most instances, they were also damned by the public. The most flagrant and successful instance of grafting movie methods

upon the body dramatic was "Forever After," a successful play by Owen Davis, our most affluent yellow dramatist. The story started in a war hospital and then, à la the movies, there was a "cut-in" which showed us the past life of the hero and heroine. This was the story within the story, which was followed by the hospital scene again—a scene that gave Miss Alice Brady a gorgeous opportunity to tear passion to tatters in a way that reminded one of the hectic heroines who flourished in the days of Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

As a matter of fact, "Forever After" recalled that good old stand-by of the French housewife known as *pot-au-feu*, which contains a stock of meat and odds and ends of everything in the house except door-knobs. It is a fearful and wonderful concoction, coarse but entirely satisfying to the French middle-class "tummy." It is not, however, a dish that even an imaginative genius would designate as an artistic culinary achievement.



M ISS ALICE BRADY was a successful movie actress for years before she became a star in a "legitimate"—and I use this word advisedly—Broadway attraction. Therefore, Mr. Davis was forced to make the punishment fit the crime when he wrote "Forever After"—and he did. Miss Brady had as many opportunities in the play as she ever had in "The Servant Girl's Revenge" and "Stella, the Stenographer," or, "The Steel Stiletto." There were "cut-ins" and "close-ups" and all the other familiar movie paraphernalia, and they fairly buried the small stock of drama in this theatrical *pot-au-feu*. However, the—I don't know what to call it—was a box-office success. I know, because a young woman in Pickford curls who sat near me, remarked to her gentleman friend after the "big scene": "Ain't it just grand!" Could sweeter tribute fall from feminine lips?

I am not making a plea for "highbrow" drama. Perish the thought and word! I don't like Percy MacKaye's work any better than Owen Davis', but I do think there must be a happy medium if we are ever to develop a drama that will command the attention and respect of other countries. There are multitudinous problems in this huge country of ours that would readily lend themselves to dramatic treatment at the hands of a playwright who had the vision to see beyond the box-office.



B UT most of our dramatists, or would-be dramatists, are troubled with commercial astigmatism and are too short-sighted to see anything except the dollar mark. That is why, with the possible exceptions of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "The Great Divide," we have not yet produced in this country one big play.

Conditions were bad enough before the advent of the movies, but now the situation seems pretty nearly hopeless. Uneasy and envious over the success of the ubiquitous movie, the Broadway managers are Burbanking our drama more and

more in their frantic attempts to make spoken drama as much like the unspoken as possible. And, as the manager holds the whip hand over the playwrights, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a man dramatist to obtain a production unless he consents to garble and gobble—garble his manuscript at the behest of a man with more money than brains, and then gobble the scraps that fall from the photo-playwright's table until he is given enough Broadway nourishment to "child" to hear it gurgle "success." No wonder the poor infant never knows its own father!

In a recent book on the drama, that acrimonious critic, George Jean Nathan, is mordantly pessimistic on the subject of American plays. He does not believe there will ever be a rift in the theatrical cloud, because, in his estimation, the mentality of the chronic playgoer in this country is about on a par with the mentality of high-school girl.

Now I do not agree with that dictum at all. It is not the fault of the playgoer that we have so many bad plays; it is the fault of a theatrical system that will not admit that the mentality of the average playgoer is above that of a high school girl because his own is not. This system feeds pap to playgoing paranoiacs and piffle playwrights. The success, for instance, of such plays as "Redemption," "Dear Brutus" and "The Jest"—all foreign plays, by the way—proves that there is a public possessed of more intelligence than high-school girls, provided the play is well written and is well acted.



I N a review of last season's plays, Mr. John Corbin, writing in the theatrical column of the *New York Times*, said:

"If there is any manager who has established a reputation for definite quality, it is David Belasco. Yet the patrons who last year thrived on the pink and blue audacities of 'Polly with a Past' were this year plunged into the mud and crimson vortex of 'Tiger! Tiger!' And now 'Dark Rosaleen' has leaped another hurdle and we have the padded green of patriotic Irish comedy of the vintage of Dion Boucicault. No wonder the confiding playgoer shouts aloud that there is no justice in heaven or on Broadway."

I contend that it is perfectly possible for a dramatist to write a play based upon some big fundamental aspect of American life; a play written in the sane and established form of good drama: a play written with regard to careful and convincing characterization and told in language of distinction that would read as well as it would act; a play in which the so-called "punch" and "pep" were subordinated to the logical action of the story and not "lugged by the ears"; a play in which "comic relief" came from amusing lines "in character," rather than from the lips of a walking fun delegate hired to drop slangianities for the benefit of the T. B. M.; a play minus bedrooms, revolvers and motion picture machinery; a play that would hold and grip an audience by sheer force of legitimate drama rather than by spurious interpolated "novelty."



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

ARTUR BODANZKY

FOLLOWING his remarkable success in two concerts which he conducted for The New Symphony Orchestra last spring, Artur Bodanzky, with the permission of Mr. Otto Kahn, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of that Company, has been engaged to lead twenty concerts for The New Symphony next season. These performances will take place at Carnegie Hall. The list of soloists includes Mr. Jacques Thibaud, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Serge Rachmaninoff, Mme. Guiomar Novaes, Mr. Leopold Godowsky and Mr. Fritz Kreisler. The concerts will be played in pairs, evening and afternoon. Through the efforts of its Executive Committee, composed of Mrs. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheim and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, The New Symphony has been put on a financial and artistic basis which assures its permanency as a leading factor in New York's musical life. The Orchestra is unique, in that it is co-operative, the players sharing in the proceeds. The personnel is chosen from the membership of the Musicians' New Orchestra Society.

I am not a bit pessimistic about the future, for I know that there are many dramatists in this country who could write such a play if they had any assurance that it would be produced. One of these dramatists is Eugene O'Neill, whose recently published volume of one-act plays, "The Moon of the Caribbees" is a remarkable achievement. There are plays in this book that are on a par, technically and imaginatively, with the best work of J. M. Synge and John Masefield. Mr. O'Neill's plays would probably have rusted in manuscript form for years if it had not been for the discernment of the Washington Square

and the Provincetown Players, who first introduced the New York public to these tense and well-written little dramas of the sea. Whether Mr. O'Neill can keep up to this same high level of achievement in a full-length play is a question. But, from what I have seen of his workmanship, I believe that he can. He is a born dramatist of big potentialities, and if he has not already written a long play, he is bound to some day, and then—remember that I told you so!

There is bound to be a tremendous upheaval in our theatre shortly, and it is going to smash precedent to smithereens and hurl many moss-

back managers into the discard. The world moves swiftly nowadays and precedent is an outworn shibboleth that no longer frightens children. For many years the cry of the self-respecting theatre-goer has been: "How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

That question is going to be answered one of these days in a manner so emphatic and unmistakable that the box-office-first manager will find himself echoing the words of the stunned parrot who once went too far:

"Where were you when the whirlwind struck us?"

SUPERNATURAL

*Ghosts, fairies, witches, spectres,
continue to play important stage roles*

By HAROLD SETON



THE supernatural has always had a fascination for mankind and has played a great part on the stage.

The earliest records of what could properly be termed a theatrical performance deal with the worship of the Greek wine-god, Dionysus. In Attica a chorus of men impersonated satyrs. Clad in goat skins, they danced around the altar, singing songs in honor of the deity. It was in this manner that Arion, of Corinth, led his cyclic chorus of fifty, in the year 600 B. C. Half a century later came Thespis, of Attica, who introduced an actor to bridge the intervals of singing and dancing, with short dialogues and even mimicry.



AESCHYLUS introduced a second actor, and Sophocles added a third. The Athenian tragedy was not merely an entertainment, it was a series of religious ceremonials. Its purpose, according to Aristotle, in his "Poetics," was to purify the passions of fear and pity through the exalted exercise of them. The idea of supernatural influence has been expressed in all the great masterpieces of the Greek dramatists. In Aeschylus the thought of Nemesis, divine vengeance, is an overwhelming mystery. In Sophocles it is a vital element in the law of life. In Euripides it is a source of human sadness.

In the theatres of ancient Greece the actors and the chorus stood on the same level in the orchestra, except that those impersonating gods appeared upon the roof of the skene. Actors added to their stature by thick soles in their shoes and high tops to their masks. The dress of the tragic chorus resembled that of daily life, except in such cases as the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, where the Furies produced an uncanny effect by their weird appearance.

During the Middle Ages, Europe witnessed considerable progress in theatrical presentations. Many of the Christian Fathers condemned all dramatic exhibitions, but the Church as a whole was more tolerant and tactful, and even undertook to counteract the influence of the pagan shows by Christianized equivalents. This evolution came about quite naturally, from the responsive chants and narrations of Biblical events, which developed into a liturgical drama, and then developed into Mysteries, Miracle-plays and Moralities.

Mysteries took their subjects from the Scrip-

tural narrative, centering about the life of Christ. Miracle-plays depended rather upon the lives of the saints. Moralities dealt with the personified powers of good and evil struggling for the mastery over the soul of man.

Mysteries introduced such supernatural characters as angels and devils, and such supernatural occurrences as ascending into Heaven or descending into Hell. Miracle-plays showed the healing of the sick and raising of the dead. Moralities illustrated the triumph of Virtue over Vice, frequently with awe-inspiring accompaniment.

In 1633, as an evidence of gratitude for deliverance from the Black Death, which had desolated the surrounding country, the little village of Oberammergau, in the Bavarian highlands, vowed to represent the passion of Christ every ten years. This picturesque community has observed that oath ever since. Some six hundred persons participate in the performance, which is simply but reverentially treated.

During 1902 and 1903 Ben Greet, an English actor-manager, revived an old Morality entitled "Everyman," meeting with considerable success. Edith Wynne Matthison played the title-rôle.

Since then Maurice Maeterlinck and Lord Dunsany have written plays along the lines of the Moralities, the supernatural being part and parcel of the performance of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" and "Bethrothal," and Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain." In this last-named piece, produced by Stuart Walker, mortals who pretend to be gods are punished for their presumption by being turned into stone.



JOHN and Lionel Barrymore attracted attention in a mysterious play called "Peter Ibbetson." Marjorie Rambeau met with success in "Eyes of Youth," in which the heroine encounters an East Indian fakir who presents her with a crystal globe in which she gazes, seeing various visions of herself.

David Belasco has experimented with every type of dramatic composition, from melodrama to farce comedy, and has more than once delved into the supernatural. "The Good Little Devil," written by the wife and son of Edmond Rostand, dealt with fairies, ghosts, and Mary Pickford. "The Return of Peter Grimm" afforded a ghostly garment for David Warfield, with thrills and chills for the audience. "The Case of Becky," in which Frances Starr was featured, dealt with

dual personality and hypnotic suggestion.

"The Devil" was incarnated by George Arliss who was impressively satanic. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was one of the most popular pieces in the repertoire of Richard Mansfield. "L'Aiglon," acted in France by Sarah Bernhardt and in America by Maude Adams, had a strange scene in which the pathetic offspring of the great Napoleon is alone on a battlefield haunted by the ghosts of dead soldiers.



HOSTS were utilized by Henry Irving in several of his plays, notably in "The Bells," "Dante," and "Robespierre." In this last-named piece a bloodcurdling effect was produced when the villain was surrounded by swarms of spectral figures, the spirits of his unfortunate victims.

In "The Willow Tree," Fay Bainter portrayed an oriental image that comes to life. In "Rip Van Winkle" Joseph Jefferson fell into a deep sleep, produced by imbibing of schnapps provided by gnomes. "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, also dealt with the supernatural.

Shakespeare used fairies in "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," witches in "Macbeth," and a ghost in "Hamlet." When Augustin Daly put on the first-named pieces, he introduced many devices to secure mysterious effects, and when Booth, Irving, Tree, Sothern, and Forbes-Robertson presented "Hamlet," various modes were employed to render the ghostly impressive.

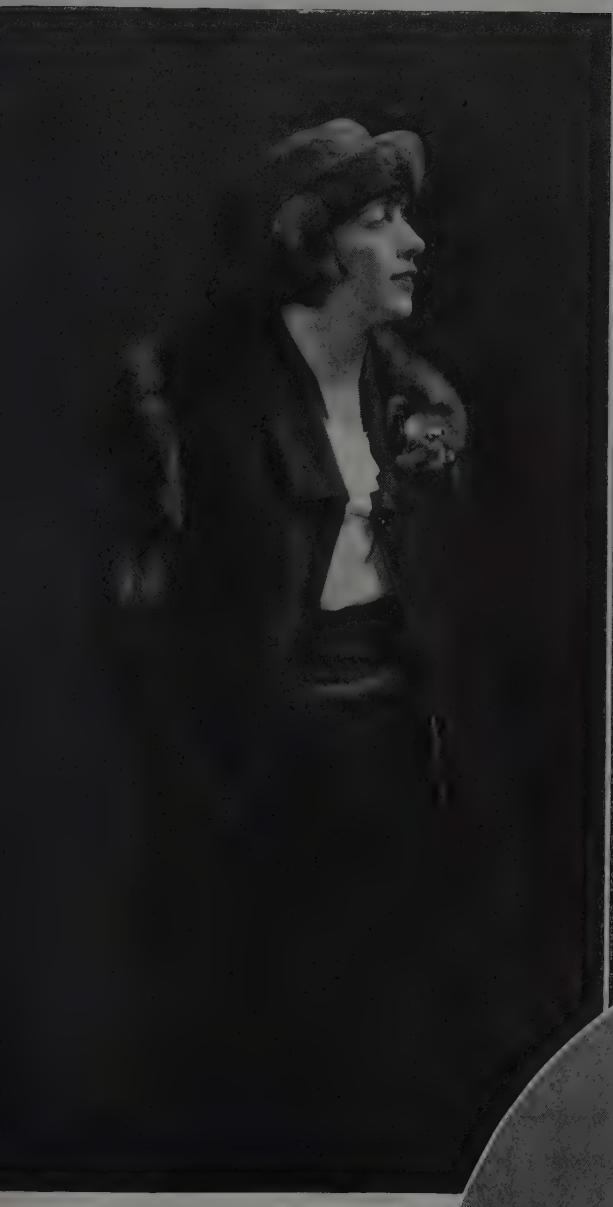
Two of the big hits of the past season in New York have dealt with the supernatural. In "The Unknown Purple" Richard Bennett portrayed a character who has discovered the secret of invisibility, his presence on the stage being indicated by a ray of light and a curious melody. In "The Invisible Foe" Thomas Dixon presented a play in which an awe-inspiring effect is obtained without a spotlight or musical accompaniment.

But, in order to prove that spectres may be utilized for comic purposes, Elsie de Wolfe once afforded much amusement in a piece called "The Shades of Night," acted in 1901. There was an episode where she, a ghost, sat on a sofa with her ghostly lover, these two being in turn seated upon by two living sweethearts who are quite unaware of the close proximity of the disembodied spirits!

(Right)

JANE RICHARDSON

A bright spot in the musical comedy "Sunshine" which has met with considerable success in Chicago



REES DAVIS

From a mannequin at the Winter Garden to trying a rôle in "The Crowded Hour" is quite a jump, but Miss Davis made it, and has supplemented it with a short run in vaudeville. She is to be seen shortly on Broadway in a new play by Cosmo Hamilton

(Circle)

MURIEL WINDOW

After her success in this country, Miss Window has gone to conquer new fields, and she is now appearing with Harry Lauder in Australia



Photos Moffett

PLAYERS WHO DIED ACTING

Famous histrions who received their last call before the footlights

By RENÉ WREN



WHAT can be more dramatic than an actor dying dramatically? Many a player's devout wish is to die in harness on the stage. To breathe her last while acting has ever been the fervent desire of Sarah Bernhardt.

To act dying and to die acting—such were the strange sagas of Molière and Edmund Kean. Nature played her part well, for both Kean and Molière died at their posts.

It was while playing Othello to his son's (Charles Kean) Iago at Covent Garden, March 25, 1833, that Kean played his last rôle. Kean's financial condition at that time was as desperate as his physical state, so that he was compelled to once more brave an audience, no matter what the consequences might be. Arriving at the theatre, he immediately sent for his son, Charles, who found him in his dressing-room on the verge of a collapse. "I am very ill, Charlie," he said, "I'm afraid I shall be unable to act." But with the aid of stimulants and the encouragement of his manager he managed to get dressed for the part, and supported on his son's arms, he went down to the wings. The house was crowded to the doors and a salvo of applause greeted the old favorite, but Kean could only respond by feeble attempts at acting. His voice was weak and movements pitiful. After speaking the line, "*Othello's occupation's gone*," he sank exhausted into his son's arms and expired soon after.

Molière was no imaginary invalid at the fourth performance of "The Imaginary Invalid." He was pretty well played out, and when he was urged by his wife and Baron, a young actor friend of his, to avoid further risk on the stage and take a much needed rest, he refused.

"What would you have me do?" he asked. "There are fifty workmen here depending on me. They have only their day's wages to support them. Will you tell me what they would do if I did not act?"

Molière struggled through the performance under so great a strain that he was seized with a convulsion while taking the burlesque oath in the final ceremony. This was followed by chills and severe coughing right after the play; and before his wife could reach him one of the world's greatest actors had expired.

Anne Oldfield, the talented and popular English actress, whose versatility equalled that of David Garrick's, was her own Frankenstein. She to whom acting was the joy of living, whose Lady Townleys, Cleopatras, Violantes and Lady Brutes were the admiration of her devoted generation, suddenly discovered one day that acting had become a burden to her—a dreadful reality to a determined woman who could not save herself from being done to death by her own art.

Her failing health made the burden of acting even harder, but she struggled on heroically

and quietly, few of her admirers realizing how much she suffered. Nor did they understand why in the midst of a scene full of gay moments she would suddenly walk to the rear of the stage and with turned back hide her face from the audience because she was afraid that they might see her cheeks moist with the tears of torture.

Finally her days of pain-playing came to an end when she broke down during the perform-



WOFFINGTON



(Left)
KEAN



(Right)
MOLIÈRE

THREE FAMOUS PLAYERS WHO DIED AT THEIR POSTS

ance of "The Provoked Wife," in which she played Lady Brute. And she was driven to her home in Grosvenor Street to play her last rôle on her own death-bed.

No more quixotic death than that of Charles Macklin, one of the most remarkable and striking personalities of the English stage, can be imagined. Such a farcical death rightfully belongs to Charlie Chaplin and hardly to Charles Macklin, one of the greatest of Shylocks.

On the morning of his birthday, Macklin arose and as usual, bathed himself from head to foot with warm brandy. After making a complete change of his clothes—he always went to bed in his clothes—he further refreshed himself with a change of clean linen, and seemed to feel as happy as a lark. A bit later he crept back into bed, lay down quietly for about an hour, and suddenly turned to his wife and shouted, "*Let me go!*"—and went.

Madly loved by David Garrick, one of the

handsomest women of her age, the beloved "Peg" Woffington of English and Irish theatre-goers, was driven from the stage with a paralytic stroke, never to appear again on the boards. "Peg" Woffington walked into the shadows of death on the tragic night of May 3, 1757, when she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It," at the Covent Garden for the benefit of two players and a dancer. Although ill, she disregarded her feelings to face a brilliant audience and managed to struggle through the performance, feeling worse and worse as the play progressed. Nevertheless, she played delightfully until the fifth act, almost breaking down when she came to the lines in the epilogue:

*"If it be true that good wine needs no bush,
tis true that a good play needs no epilogue, etc."*

The collapse came when she arrived at the familiar passage:

*"If I were a woman, I would kiss as many
of you as had beards that pleased me."*

As she struggled with these lines her voice gave out and she was completely overcome. With the mournful cry of, "Oh God! Oh God!" she staggered to the wings where she fell unconscious.

Here is the queer case of a gentleman of the stage who died most apropos, his actions exactly fitting his words. On the evening of the 20th of June, 1817, during a performance of the tragedy of "Jane Shore," in the Leeds Theatre, Mr. Cummins, a prominent actor of his day who played the part of Dumont, had just repeated the benedictory words:

*"Be witness for me, ye celestial
hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon a
my soul
Accords to thee, and begs o
Heaven to show;
May such befall me at my late
hour—"*

when he fell down on the stage and instantly expired. This Mr. Cummins, it seems, had been suffering from

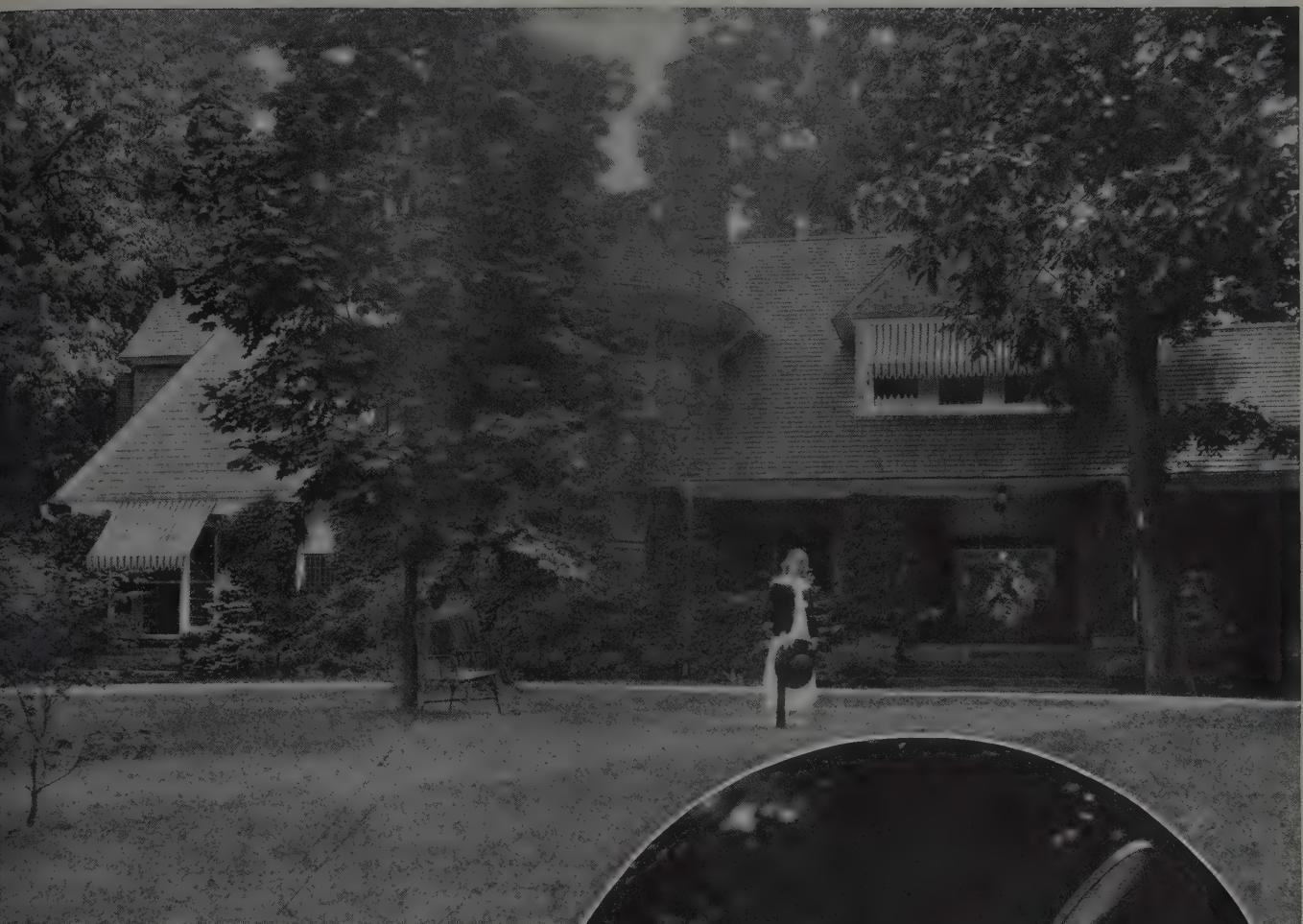
"ossification of the heart." This malady, coupled with the exertion from the stress of his emotion in the mimic scene, helped to precipitate his end.

Another dramatic death of interest caused by too violent playing of the emotions in portraying a character was that of Montfleury, the celebrated French tragedian. His death was brought about while playing Orestes in Racine's "Andromache." So violently did he exert himself in portraying this difficult rôle that he ruptured a blood-vessel while on the stage, and died shortly after in Paris.

"Into Thy Hands, O Lord—into Thy hands. These were the last words spoken by Henry Irving on the stage. On Friday, October 13, 1905, he had acted Tennyson's play "Becket," and that line, the last spoken by the principal character in the piece, was the last utterance Irving himself made in public. On returning to his hotel after the performance, he had a fainting spell and the distinguished actor died a few minutes later.

otos Abbe

AS a Ziegfeld decoration in one of "The Follies," Mae Murray first attained prominence. Then she conquered the movie field, her latest picture being "On With the Dance," her rôle that of a dancer and cabaret entertainer. Now she is to return to the legitimate in a comedy written for her by Edgar Allen Wolfe



AT HOME WITH MAE MURRAY AT MAMARONECK

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE IN CHINA

*No theatres in the celestial kingdom but plays
are popular in temples, streets and private houses*

By MAUDE WHITE



THE legitimate flourishes in China. But there are no playhouses. Instead, the Chinese build stages in their homes and places of worship. Every temple has them; on any street they can be improvised; every gentleman of position arranges his house to accommodate them.

The Chinese love the theatre, as the Spanish love bull-fighting.

Whenever a god is reputed to have a birthday (and there are many gods in China), crowds repair to the temple to honor him with a play before his image. If a man takes a vow he must celebrate it with theatricals in his place of worship. Ancestors, who are almost gods to the Chinese, furnish another excuse for this sort of entertainment on the occasion of the innumerable feast days to them which almost every self-respecting Chinese man observes.

Gods may begin these celebrations, but men continue them. For days on end they run in China, with scarcely an intermission between the plays. The old proverb, which the Chinese pensively repeat, "There is no feast in the world which does not break up at last," seems to the weary foreigner too good to be true when it comes to their love of play-acting.



ROUD stages are often set up in the streets at night, rarely in daytime, and there a theatrical company will act out its repertoire to the delight of the men, women and children who crowd around it. These shows, like those in the temple, are free. Therefore, the crowd blocks the traffic with a clear conscience.

A favorite means of entertainment of guests among the mandarins and rich gentry is the employment of players to come to their homes and perform for the assembled company. Previous reputation determines the amount they are paid. It is considered a compliment to the host for the guests to "tip" the actors. This they do on the spot and etiquette demands that the host follow suit even more generously. In a merry-go-round this giving and getting continues until companies will sometimes receive \$1,000 a night.

Actors carry with them all their properties

and scenery and gorgeous apparel. Not until most of the guests have assembled and have clamored for some play for which the actors are famous, do they know what they are to present. Repertoires run from twenty-five to one hundred productions. Each company comprises from ten to one hundred actors.

Boys are "bound out" to actors to learn playing like a trade. Their services are bought from their parents or guardians for a term of years and in that time they are seldom allowed to go home. They are often cruelly treated in their apprenticeship, and it is said that should a boy die from injuries received in this manner no official would do anything about it.



AS in Shakespeare's theatre, there are no women on the Chinese stage. When a female character is needed some man who thinks he speaks well in a high thin voice takes the part.

Even private theatricals are not witnessed by men and women together.

The plays themselves are based on history—the dramatic things that happened to dead and gone kings and ancestors. Actors follow period costumes, but they put them on over whatever they happen to have on. Historical accuracy is somewhat impaired by a 1919 trouser sticking out from the skirts of 800 B. C., for the things rarely fit. But the nerves of the Chinese are good.

Farcies form a part of their legitimate stage, and even here the historical Chinese humor asserts itself. The "Official and the Priest" is one of their widely known favorites. It represents a sour looking official being harangued by an unmanageable priest with a broom under his arm. The story underlying it runs to the effect that an officer of the one-time Sung dynasty was cruel and unjust. So a king of the infernal regions assumed the guise of a crazy priest of the Buddhist sect in order to reprimand the wicked mandarin. He went about with a broom sweeping now and then, and was thought to be so harmless that he was allowed to go wherever he wished. In this way he finally came to the room of the man whom he sought,

and began to upbraid him for his many crimes. When the insulted mandarin tried to have him arrested he vanished.

Another favorite farce shows their sly knowledge of human nature. A Buddhist priest leads a blind man to the show of lanterns—which is a chapter out of Fairyland in China. Tens upon tens of gigantic fishes made of gauze are illuminated with lights and lanterns and transparencies innumerable. But the priest is supposed to have renounced the pleasures of the world and the blind man is not able to see the lovely spectacle.

"Lion Chasing the Ball" stands high in favor. They have a great regard for the lion and suppose him to want a ball whenever he sees one. Then he plays with it much like a kitten. This is acted out thousands of times in China. One of the pictures shows how two people with skin thrown over the bamboo frame to conceal them, impersonate the lion. The mouth always hideously wide open so that the front actor can see to run for the ball.



ALL of a piece with the Chinese love for the theatricals is their predilection for processions. Under the name of pageants something is always happening in China. Religious festivities form frequent and long excuses for them, so do even the preliminaries to a marriage. On the occasion of the exchanging of gifts between the two a procession of some magnitude is called forth.

Death is the most dignified reason for a similar display. Huge mourning lanterns lead the way. Shrill clarionets pipe a dirge which sounds remarkably like Chinese wedding music to an Occidental. Banners, yards long and high, on which are inscribed the man's virtues, are borne aloft. These take the place of our funeral wreaths. A sedan chair carries a conventional portrait of the deceased. Mourners follow in hempen drapery that is but a mockery of cloth, and women wail for the dead. Imitation paper money (for the Chinese are thrifty) is scattered along the way to keep evil spirits from harming the living or the dead. For one of social position it is expensive to die in China.



Scene in the play
"Lion Chasing the
Ball," which has
been acted thousands
of times in China



John Ellis

Robert Barrat

Harrison Hunter

Act 1. The inspector, the detective and the accused face the evidence
"THE CRIMSON ALIBI," OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S MELODRAMA AT THE BROADHURST



Photos White

John Cromwell

Peter Lang

Idalene Cotton

John Harrington

George Backus

Act. 1. The detective questions the Irish cook regarding the murder
SCENE IN "AT 9:45" A MELODRAMA BY OWEN DAVIS AT THE PLAYHOUSE

THE MYSTERY PLAY STILL HOLDS BROADWAY

ARE CHORUS GIRLS ALWAYS HUNGRY?

*Hen McNutt dines with a Mack Sennett beauty.
"Stung wunce, but never agen" is his motto.*

By LESLIE CURTIS



sinsinatta, awgust Ateteenth.
deer editer theayter Magazeen,

hear i am agen, just to show you that my hart is not compleatly broak like it was last munth by that femail impersnater. mister Coyne sed it was just a pracktickle joak to teech me how to handal vamphighers, (althow i think it is dangrus to handal them at all. keep yure hands often 'em i say if you wanta conker in the uneekwal battal of the seckses.)

enway, i'm werkng as varlot' de chamber for mister Coyne agen and he give me gwite a tawking too aboout vamphighers in genral. he toald me what i neaded was to investigait diffrent kinds of girls until i new the secks moar perfeck and then i cood take care of myself wharever i went. he reely has a good hart even if he is rich and afflewnt, althow he is awful crood at times.

the furst girl i tride to investigait was wun of McSenits bathing girls. she must of new her manager well becuz she always cald him Mack. thots the trubble with wimin. they cant keap to mear bizness relashuns and the furst thing you no they are calling you by yure furst name like a maden ant. mister Coyne sed he met wun of afoarsed McSenits bathing girls and if i wanted to start investigaiten, he wood help me owt. Sew he tooked me arround after the matinay and then i asked her to have supper with me at missus Sintons hotel neerby. (i think it is safer to take vamphighers in a publick dining room, dont you?) her name was mildrud Dayveez and she was cute and pritty and ateteen and evrything.



now, mister Hornblower (or shood i say deer editer?) i have always herd that these hear korus girls live in fine hotels and upartments and ride in thare own limonzeens, awl on ateteen and twenty dollers a weak. thehurst papers always tell aboout milyunairs sending bokays to these hear girls with pyanos and automobels consealed inside the flours. mister Coyne toald me that korus girls always have frends worth milyuns hanging arround and i wood have to tawk like a man of the werld if i expected to interurst these blossums of Brawdway.

sew i went into this thing prepared to see what hi life amung the lowly was and to say i was supprized is saying littel. furst i went to the show and if figgers dont lie, then mister McSenit is sum peech picker. ile bet his wife warries turble. what chants has a mear wife with them buties? if mister Kippeling, a ingleish riter, had ever of saw those bathing soot girls he never wood of called wimin "a rag and a boan and a hank of hare." (i reely think sum wardrobe lady past herself off as a chickun, which sorta made Kippeling disgusted or sumthing, which is why he rote with sutch disrepek about the fare secks, a sinic has to be well stung, you no, befoar he can be a sinic.)

well, mildrud was aboout the niftyus trick i ever saw on the stage, but when i met her in a littel black soot she looked just as plane like a regiler girl with no figger, but she had stile. she sed she wasunt hungry, but when we was

set at the table she ordered rite off the reel sum "oar-doovers" (which is french for fussy goo) and which is mearly to toy with at large expents. i think awl vamphighers start a meal with these oar-doovers becuz it sorta makes a atmusear sootabool for gettin the victim in a hipnitizm fraim of mind. the poor fish gets coald feet when he sieze the price of oar-doovers and as he looks at the fare face acrost the table, the num-ness spreds until his cashun is overcame and he ses, "i shood worry—go as far as you like—the skies the limut." then it is the vamphighers cue and another good man is lost to home and family. barnum ses "wun evry minit."



of corse, mildrud was no vamphigher and mister Coyne had gave me the money for the meal, sew my feet were qwite warm and my equilibrium perfeck. we had soop and crimson biter fish (or sum sutch name which costa lot) and a ontry of sweatbreds with mushrunes in a casterole, and a stake cooked on a bord which they tride to conseal with littel squirts of potato awl arround the edge like a ruffal. (i shood think missus Sinton wood get moar cookin dishes for her hotel. but maybe her husband is close with her aboout sum things.) enway, while mildrud was eatin, she toald me aboout what a treet it waas for a poor girl to meat a gentilman and have a reel square meal. she sed the life of a McSenit bathing girl was full of ruff brakers and lobsters was often met, to say nuthin of sharks and publissity men. (she reely didunt order that expensive meal to be a vamphigher, but becuz she was trooly hungry. i'm convinsed of that!)

our tawk got more intimut and she soon broak down and cuverd her hands with her face. with her ize glood to the salad (cuverd with saint Lawrunc river dressing), she toald me how this crool man McSenit drug her outen the passifick oshun and made her go on the rode like a ordinerry korus girl. the salry soundded awl rite, she sed, but it had no elastissity when it began to sepperate on her.

"do you carry a car?" i asked cazully, becuz of what i had always herd.



"indeed not," she retorted, "we just take chantess on getting a birth between stands, if we can aford it at awl. i have set up moast of the nite jumps."

"i ment a limonzen," i explaned. "with yure talunt you shood have a moter and evrything."

"i coodunt have a ten candal power tin lizzy," sed she, "if they was gave away with a pownd of tee. in fact, evry sent i can save gose to my poor mother and she needs twenty dollers rite now the worse way. you no she ejecuted me and gave me swimming les ons by the swet of her deer brow and thots why i'm werkng this way to repay awl that she has did. she rote me today to send the money becuz the sowing mushine peepul was after her and she was broak. o deer, o deer," she waled, "i dont no which way to tern!"

now mister Hornblower, i never was bring up to reticule wimin which is werkin for a mear livin, and as this girl was planely no vamphigher, i realized it was up to me to help her owt. sew i up and handed her twenty dollers of my own money. nobudy can tell me what sowing mushine men are, as thare speshalty is gettin blud outen stones, sew i new this poor girls mother hadunt a chants to save her preshus mushine unless i come threw. of corse, after while, mildrud britened up a littel and sed she didunt meen to hint that i shood help her, but i was adamant and she finly kep the money.

we set a while longer and she et on a fancy dingus called a artychoke that looked like a overgrown Brussel sprout with his lips curled in derishum. she wood pull often a leef and dip it in cooked butter and after a long time she found the hart hidng under a surculer wheal made of wood splinters. i never et nuthin like that at peory, illis, but i was lerning sew i held my piece. while she was eating this thing she sed the hotels whare she stayed was poor and the traval was worse becuz mister Macado never seemed to give no thawt to the needs of McSenits bathing girls. sumtimes they had to get up at nine oclock to make the next stand which is a outrage for artists what cant sleep at nite until erly dawn.



well, i lerned a lot and mildrud promis to give me swimming les ons owt in California next winter and i paid for the dinner without ever lettin on how it herf and i was just gettin my hat from the waiter when sumthing turble happened! a big corse man came up and pushed the waiter aside and ses rite owt lowd, "what are you doing hear with my wife?" and before i cood move he ses to her "you get home and if i ever catch you agen with sutch a cornick valentine, ile teech you a les on you wont forget. as long as you bare my name you wawk strate." he ses, just as if i had done sumthing i shoudnt. well, i started to say sumthing, but the waiter sorta shook his hed in warning and then i notised how big and corse the man was like dempsie, and besides mildrud was leaving two skared to say a word, so i kep still and got owt.

mister Coyne ses hes compleatly at see becuz he distinktly understood her to be MISS dayveez and he never herd of no husband. he ses whare i fell down was by not asking if she was mareed in the furst place before i menshuned the dinner. he ses maybe McSenit dont allow his girls to spoil thare figgers by eatin artychokes and 1000 iland dressing, and this guy was a detectif watching the girls and keeping them away from milyunairs. i dont no but it awl seems queer and the next investigaiten i do will begin by a polite qweschun as to the state of the lady. "stung wunce, but never agen" is my motto.

as mildrud hasunt sent back the twenty dollers, i hoap you will speek to yure offis girl aboout sum money for what i have rote up to date. mister Coyne ses mildrud wont return the money, but i think he is two sinical at times. i will let you no when i get it. yures for hard werk and no moar foolishnuss,

HENRY McNUTT.



(Upper Right)

A view of the vast audience and the stage during the performance of "Robin Hood"

"**R**IP VAN WINKLE" staged on the slopes of a purple mountain far above the clouds in a natural theatre that has real pines for wings and a soft carpet of grass for a floor, colored by lupins and California poppies—that is what is being done, once a year, on the rugged slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, across the bay from San Francisco. Originally it was started as a play for hikers, those of us who love to put on old clothes, heavy boots, shoulder packs and go tramping off into the hills. A young man named Ramon Pholi first saw the possibilities of the mountain-side theatre with its perfect acoustics and its seating capacity of ten thousand. He only lived to see one production on the mountain side and today a huge rock, gracing the entrance of the theatre, bears a bronze plaque in his memory, for, two weeks after the first play, he fell to his death in Yosemite Valley while climbing a steep trail.

The Mountain play holds an unique place in stage productions the world over. There have been many open air plays but there has never been an open air play like that on Tamalpais. It is the vastness of the setting that is the wonder of it all. There seems to be no limit to the scene. The whole world appears to be spread out behind the actors on the mountain side.

The play is presented annually on the third Sunday in May. The actors are professionals and semi-professionals from San Francisco and about the bay, all donating their services for the joy of playing on the great mountain. Mr. Garnet Holme, director of the plays, and one of the directors of the Percy Mackaye Shakespearean pageant, "Caliban," is interested in only the artistic side of the production. The manager is Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, the well-known western president of the Drama League.

The seventh play on the mountain, Joaquin Miller's "Tally Ho," has just been produced to an audience of eight thousand. The six other productions have been: 1913—Abraham and Isaac, and scenes from "Twelfth Night"; 1914—Shakuntala; 1915—Rip Van Winkle; 1916—William Tell; 1917—Jeppe-on-the-Hill; 1918—Robin Hood.

(Inset)

William Tell and his boy taken during the performance of "William Tell" in the mountain theatre



(Right)

A scene from "William Tell" with the trees and shrubbery forming a picturesque background

BROADWAY ACTORS GO ON STRIKE

*Warfare between producers and players
a disturbing element in the new season.*



THE old feud between the actors and the managers which is of long standing has at last broken into active hostilities. The Producing Managers' Association, composed of all the leading Broadway producers, absolutely refused to deal with the Actors' Equity Association, an organization with a membership of more than 4,000 actors, including a goodly number of the country's most famous players, and, as a result, on August 7 last, a hundred or more actors and actresses closed twelve attractions in New York City and precipitated one of the most remarkable situations ever known in the history of the American stage.

The calling out of the players followed a strike meeting of the Actors' Equity Association, 1,400 strong, that same afternoon, and was the reply of the Association to the refusal of the managers to treat with it. These attractions were closed by the action of the actors: "Nightie Night," "The Challenge," "A Voice in the Dark," "Listen Lester," "The Royal Vagabond," "The Crimson Alibi," "At 9:45," "Oh, What a Girl," "Gaieties of 1919," "The Five Million," "Lightnin'," "East is West." The audiences were dismissed and the money paid for seats refunded.

Unless some compromise is effected, which at this writing seems doubtful, the playgoing public is likely to be treated to the most disturbing season in the annals of theatrical history.



THE Producing Managers' Association has proclaimed that the actors would degrade themselves and their art by affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The Actors' Equity Association does not agree with those managers.

Grant Stewart, Recording Secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, says for the actor:

"The Producing Managers' Association denies the right of the actor to organize for his own protection and refuses to recognize the Actors' Equity Association. What chance has an individual actor to stand up for his rights if he feels that by so doing he is going to antagonize a body comprising the most powerful managers in the United States of America? But, with the prestige and the power of the American Federation of Labor behind him, he is in a vastly different position.

"The managers in the Producing Managers' Association, in refusing to recognize the Actors' Equity Association, have been in a position to influence actors to sign the contract offered them by coercion, cajolery and in every other way. Now that the Actors' Equity Association is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, the question of the form of contract is no longer a matter of the individual choice or consent of the actor. In standing by his union he will be entitled to the support of the American Federation of Labor—no mean ally!"

Sam H. Harris, President of the Producing Managers' Association, replies for the managers:

"I agree with every member of the Actors' Equity Association that there should be organiza-

tion. I believe without organization the small man would not get his rights and I certainly would not argue against organization when I am president of an organized assembly of producing managers; but the representatives of an organization should really not misrepresent it.

"The Actors' Equity Association has been doing business with the United Managers' Protective Association for three years, not six years as Mr. Stewart would have you believe. At the expiration of that time, it brought forth a new contract which was not even submitted to the organization which had helped it. The United Managers' Protective Association was ignored, and the new contract was submitted to a new organization.

"The Managers' Association is not looking for a fight, but it will not be found sprinting or side-stepping if one comes along its way. The representatives of labor know that they have always gotten a hearing, and they must be aware by now that there is something radically wrong in Denmark when we refuse to do business with the men who have placed themselves at the head of the Actors' Equity Association. One of the primary objects of the Producing Managers' Association was to better the condition of the actor, and it won't be dissuaded by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Stewart or any other co-agitator."



THE Actors' Equity Association was formed six years ago for the purpose of bettering the conditions under which the actors work. At that time it was quite customary for a manager to rehearse his company over an indefinite period without any monetary guarantee to the actor in case of the play's immediate failure or the company's preliminary dismissal. A manager might call rehearsal one day, and decide on the necessity of some change of cast or play a few days later, which would cause the company to be held in a state of suspended animation for possibly a week or two while a search was made for a new player or an entire act was rewritten.

Even after this delay the actor had no assurance that the play would ultimately reach production on Broadway, as it was not unusual for a manager to get cold feet at the last moment and decide to dismiss the company. There was rarely any remuneration given for the actor's wasted time, and he might either be put to work in a new production or left to shift for himself until he secured another engagement.

It will be readily seen that an actor's lot was indeed a precarious one and it was for the express purpose of ameliorating such conditions that the Actors' Equity Association was called into being. This was in 1913 and it was not until October 2, 1917, that a standard contract endorsed by the Equity Association as well as the United Managers' Protective Association was agreed upon and put into force. This contract provided that for legitimate dramatic productions the actor was to rehearse four weeks without remuneration with a guarantee of at least two weeks' full pay and half pay in case additional rehearsals were found necessary. For productions of a musical or spectacular nature, the actor was to give free

rehearsals for six weeks with the same provision of half pay for additional rehearsals and two weeks' salary guaranteed.



A N important feature of the contract was a arbitration clause in which judicial power was vested in three arbitrators in the event of any dispute or disagreement between the contracting parties. Each disputant nominated an arbitrator, and they in turn were to choose a disinterested umpire. The adoption of the standard contract was celebrated by a notable dinner and heartily acclaimed by both organizations.

The contract was to run for two seasons, expiring then, on October 2, 1919. Meanwhile, however, the United Managers' Protective Association gave way to the Producing Managers' Association, with Mr. Sam H. Harris, of the firm of Cohan & Harris, as president. At one of the first meetings these managers held several months ago they invited the Actors' Equity Association to send a committee to confer with them on the provisions to be incorporated into the new agreement.

Subsequent conferences disclosed that both the actors and the managers were seeking to better their positions. The actors wanted a shorter period of rehearsal without remuneration and more liberal notices of the closing of a company or the discharge of an actor, and chiefly the wanted payment in proportion for all performances given in excess of eight a week.

A clause in the old contract specified eleven national and local (such as Lexington Day in Boston) holidays on which the actors were to play extra matinees without remuneration. It was also specified that nine performances were to be given weekly in such cities as Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis, where Sunday evening performances were permitted; or such cities where it was customary to give six evening performances and three matinees.

The actors demanded payment on the basis of eight performances a week, additional performances to be paid for at the rate of one-eighth of a week's salary. The managers stated that it was impossible to grant this demand as it was contrary to the established traditions of the theatre, and that if it were granted the players must receive proportionately smaller salaries. They pointed out that actors had often received a full week's salary for six or seven performances and they stated definitely that to meet this demand was a financial impossibility.



THE Actors' Equity Association asked that this point be arbitrated and secured the assistance of William Howard Taft and Charles E. Hughes for this purpose. The managers declined the proffered arbitration with thanks and announced their decision to continue the old contract for another season, with an additional clause providing for arbitrators nominated by the actor and the manager in the traditional manner.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY

AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

Miss Florence Brobeck in a picturesque costume in "Pitter Patter," a clever amateur "Revue" presented by the Woman's Club of the U. C. T., of Columbus, O. The book and lyrics were written by Ray Lee Jackson, Russell H. Unruh, and Frederick C. Russell

The woodland spaces of the Berkshire Country Club, were the scene of Constance D'Arcy Mackay's enchanting masque, "The Forest Princess," presented by the Junior Division of the Woman's Club of Reading, under the direction of Katherine H. Keiser. From out the forest depths the tree sprites came to dance before the resplendent court with its king and queen, lords and fine ladies; everything that goes to make up a real fairy tale was in this production, with lovely costumes, and a beautiful musical setting.



TO the long line of plays at Central High School, St. Louis, presented by the senior classes, including dramas by authors as different as Sudermann and Shakespeare, Milton and Molière the graduating class of last June offered a production of "The Chinese Lantern," by Laurence Housman. This fantasy in three acts is especially suited to production by amateurs because only one stage set is required, and because costuming and characterization add so effectively to the impressions made upon the audience. The romantic plot woven around the two "leads" is one which appeals to young people of all ages. The despised drudge of the painting studio has a real artist's soul which cries for its chance to paint, so all night long, Tikipu secretly copies the wonderful masterpiece. It is required by all procedure of dramatic story that he should also win the love

THE CHINESE
LANTERN
at the
CENTRAL HIGH
SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS

than thirty feet allowed the fullest scope for action and grouping in the box set representing Olangsti's art studio. As most amateurs can not afford to build new sets for every different production, material on hand must be adapted.



"Tikipu" and "Mee-Mee"
in *The Chinese Lantern*

of the little Korean slave girl, Mee-Mee, destined when the story opens, to marry the sleepy son of the artist teacher, a lumbering fat youth whose sole ambition is to become a grocer.

WHILE these two characters stand out in the play, every other part offers a good acting rôle, from the strong-minded Mrs. Back-of-the-House, her hen-pecked husband, on to the two strange figures of Josi-Mosi and Cosi-Mosi, two Chinese comedy Jews. The opportunity for a fairly large number of participants among the art students and the holiday and auction crowds permits the inclusion of many members of a school class:

The spectacular effects were as good as the acting, which is saying a great deal. The school stage—in the beginning, as is too frequently the case in our school buildings, not at all adapted to acted plays—has been gradually changed until almost any drama can be mounted.

With the addition of only the most simple and necessary equipment, it has been possible to reproduce scenic and lighting effects remarkably like those of fully furnished and well-planned stages. A proscenium opening of more



The Chinese Lantern, presented by the Central High School of St. Louis, under the direction of Clarence Stratton. And amateurs—take notice! The stage set was painted on the back of old scenery—if you look closely you will recognize the framework.

So, too, newly made equipment must always be possible of later use.

AT Central High School when scenery is to be built, a small scale model is constructed, complete in all parts. Even when the frames are made in the school, the finished scenery is

painted by professional scene makers, unless the "flats" are to be covered with plain colors, such as walls or panels. Several terms ago, for the "Comedy of Errors," an interior for the first scene was needed. To secure this, some of the "flats" of a modern interior were painted tan on the back, the surrounding wooden frames were painted black. Greek shields were hung upon the panels; the door backs were treated with Greek designs, and the scene was thus set. For "The Chinese Lantern" several more of these interior pieces were black-and-tanned on the back. A large window, used first in Sudermann's "The Faraway Princess," was covered with rice-paper to transmit shadows and colored lighting from outside. A typically Chinese border design was painted in black, tan, and blue upon heavy paper, which was then fastened to the top of the scenery. No one in the audience noticed the lacing ropes of the "flats" because the brilliant coloring took attention away from such details.

EVEN without dimmers, the magical appearance of the old master Wiowani in the black background of the picture in the rear wall was so manipulated as to win a round of applause every time it was repeated. Yet, this spectacular effect depended upon extremely simple means. The picture appeared as "deep as night"; in reality the distance was less than a yard. There were no baby-spots, yet the same effect was secured. In the last act the curtain opened on a dark stage where Josi-Mosi, entering with a dim lantern to give Mee-Mee the poison she is determined to take rather than marry Younglangsti, provides only a dim patch of light. The act proceeds through the first coming of dawn up through the crimson of sunrise to the full light of day.

Before each act, parts of the *Nut Cracker Suite* were played to mark the curtain. The stage itself, was kept rather clear of furniture and properties—for a note of simplicity in such matters seems best for amateurs, but the cos-

tumes were as rich and colorful as could be imagined. Except for the few characters in which comedy had to be emphasized, they were beautifully blended, and under the changing lighting, stood out against the black, blue, and tan, and the black, blue, and gold of the scenery, like figures in a Chinese print.



Processional in the "Springtime of Life" in which Mrs. Noble's woodland sprites make offerings to the Sun.

PLAYS AND DANCES FOR CHILDREN

The Importance of "Make-believe" in the Life of a Child

By HELEN S. NOBLE



ALL my life I have had an inward longing to put on plays for children, and when the opportunity came, a few years ago, through a woman friend, who gave me, as an experiment, the use of a beautiful French ball room in her hotel, my enthusiasm knew no bounds.

I chose for my first venture a dramatized version of "Cinderella," the old fairy story loved by all children. In coaching the children I found them ever ready to respond and willing to learn and rehearse their parts, which, for children who are in school so many hours each day, is indeed no small task. My kindly benefactress gave her personal attention in arranging the ball room, so we had the most exquisite setting for our little play. A stage was built at one end of the room, on which we used rare old Florentine furniture, so the atmosphere for the play was perfect, and as the children moved about in their mediaeval costumes, it all had the effect of Fairyland! On either side of the ball room we arranged a series of raised boxes, so it had quite the appearance of a theatre. We reserved all the first rows of chairs on the floor for the littlest children (some of them even sitting on the floor).

TO the children, it was all so real that when the charming "Prologue" asked: "How many children know about Cinderella?" ever so many little voices piped: "I do! I do!" I never omit the "Prologue," for I find it puts the child audience into the proper mental attitude—children, like grown ups, want to understand what they are to see. "Cinderella" was a success beyond my wildest dreams; not a line

had to be prompted, not a dance was forgotten.

Later I presented "Cinderella" in a real theatre, but to my mind there never was a picture so attractive as the one in the French ball room, so small that actors and audience were in intimate relationship—one loses that intimacy in a big theatre!—though one gains in light effects and numbers in the audience.



A charming scene from "In Arcady," a juvenile play produced by Helen S. Noble

IN my plays I try to keep the child's point of view in mind and I always choose happy subjects, barring anything disagreeable that would cause a child to shudder or shed a tear. I was greatly impressed one time in seeing "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk" presented in a so-called special Movie picture for children, in which the tender little hearts of the audience were so touched, when the horrid giant said he would kill Jack and cook him for his dinner, that they wailed and wept, and crept into mothers' arms and would not look again until assured that something pleasant was on the screen. It is my idea a child should not be called upon to live through unhappy mental things, so I try to remember always that to children, THINGS ARE REAL!

We have so few plays at a regular theatre suitable for children: "Snow White," "The Bluebird," and "Alice in Wonderland" are, about all I can recall—even those do not really appeal to the very young child; one must be older in life's experiences to appreciate many of the points brought out in even these plays. Although, in London, the English children are given their yearly pantomime at the theatre—a beautiful spectacular performance, beginning the day after Christmas, known as Boxer Day, and continuing until Easter. But I know of nothing of the kind in this country.

ALL young children are imaginative and impressionable, and it is well to give them something sweet and beautiful to think about. "Make-believe" to a child is as natural as to breathe, but in this day of nearness to everything, the child of today really loses the opportunity to "make-believe"—the average child has

(Concluded on page 200)



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

S Y L V I A B R E A M E R

An Australian by birth, this attractive young player has been on the stage practically all her life. She received her early training in the Antipodes playing in all the imported American productions which found their way from Broadway. New York first saw her with Grace George in Shaw's "Major Barbara," after which she joined the motion picture colony and has been associated with Thomas H. Ince, William S. Hart, Charles Ray, Cecil de Mille and others. She is now under the Stuart Blackton banner. "Dawn," a picturisation of the popular story by Eleanor Porter, will be her next screen release.

MOTION
PICTURE
SECTION



In the film version of Rex Beach's story, "The Vengeance of Durand," to be released by Vitagraph shortly, the principal action of the first part takes place amid the picturesque setting of a Parisian water fete. Alice Joyce, the heroine, appears as a pathetic, ethereal figure in nun-like garb.

BRINGING LITERATURE TO THE SCREEN

IN the Valley of the Moon to which, in a covered wagon, came Jack London, seeking a home site and went no further, there dwells today the woman who went adventuring with him. Living with Jack's sister, Mrs. Eliza Shephard, on the great estate that came into being and flourished as the American public rewarded the labors of his popular pen, Mrs. Jack London is preoccupied these days writing the biography of her husband and following the productions of his novels in motion pictures. When I saw her and talked with her on the porch of the Lodge—a place filled with trophies and curios that Jack London had picked up on the seven corners of the earth—she had just signed a contract for the filming of his entire literary output. She remarked that some of his stories had been screened before, but that Jack had secured an injunction from the Supreme Court of California, restraining further exhibitions as he held that the stories were not being presented as he had written them, wherefore his literary reputation was subject to injury. So, for years, he had declined offers for further presentations, as had his wife, after his death, scrupulously respecting his wishes, until at last, C. E. Shurtleff, a New York producer, convinced her that the art of the motion picture had reached a stage in its development assuring her that her husband's stories would be done justice upon the screen.

The motion picture superior to the printed page as a magnificent background to a fine story. An interview with

MRS. JACK LONDON

As Mrs. London told it to me, the story of how Shurtleff induced her to release her husband's stories for filming, is interesting—showing as it does a new trend in the motion picture. He convinced Mrs. London and the trustees of the Jack London estate that he could and would faithfully portray London's stories on the screen, that he would brook no interference of star actor, star director nor mayhap sordid commercialism on the part of movie exploiter; but that each London story would be visualized on the screen just as Jack London himself would have wanted to see it. For example, they will go to Alaska to make "Smoke Bellew;" they will go to the Samoan Islands to make "Adventure;" they will go to San Francisco to make "John Barleycorn." The type of actors will be selected with only one point in view, that of fitting London's characters to an iota, and not from the point of view of a "box office" drawing card.

The author is the star!
"I am glad," Mrs. Jack London told me, "that

Jack's stories are going to be filmed. I am glad because of the appeal to a wide variety of audiences and because I am passionately desirous of making a success of things that he only half started. The pictures will make the stories better known. With excellent filming there is no reason why these days, literature cannot be brought to the screen.

And the effect of this upon the public mind should be beneficial. It is a mistake to think that women like only the namby-pamby kind of stories. The book reviewers used to say that Jack's stories were decidedly men's stories, but we knew that women readers would 'gobble them up.' The critics called 'The Sea Wolf' essentially a man's book. But one day the largest woman's magazine in America contracted with Jack's publishers for several thousand copies of the 'man's book' to be used as premiums, inducing women to subscribe!

"Literature in the motion picture is coming, for it bids fair to become a great democratic art. When I apply the term of democratic art to the moving picture, I ally it with all the arts. Until we recognize that the motion picture has all the inspiring values of painting, of character drawing, of story construction, of human appeal, we perceive a combination that is irresistably powerful. Its growth within the last two or three years has been surprising. It has shot up into adolescence of artistic maturity that

enabled an author with a literary conscience to respect it. Of course, at the beginning, the moving picture was merely a mechanical novelty. People went to look at it without any other expectation. The elements of romance had no interpretation, no place in the moving picture of infancy. It was a prodigy of the camera and as such was a curiosity. By degrees it began to talk to us in the term of understandable romance. Nothing much was said about the crudities which crippled it, but a great deal was heard about improved photography.

"It is essentially an alien art and yet every effort was made to associate it with theatrical values. It really should never have been accused of theatricalism, though because many of the pictures were badly done, it deserved it. The motion picture is intrinsically the best medium to impart the essence of literary thought, in popular form, that we have. This is because the word painting which a conscientious author uses to flavor his pictures can be vastly improved in the actual reproduction of natural effect. The photoplay can lead the audience into the heart of the woods, to the top of a mountain, to the edge of the sea, into the clouds if necessary. It can do this better than the author could possibly, in words. Therefore, so far as magnificent background to a fine story, the moving picture surpasses the literary flavor of the printed page.

"At the time of Jack's death he was just beginning to get interested in motion pictures. He was interested in the theatre, being extremely fond of a good play. Jack had dramatized one or two of his stories but much preferred writing to dramatizing them. He was interested in Ibsen; he read every play Ibsen ever wrote. He followed everybody's work—read thousands and thousands of books every year. Among his favorite authors were Joseph Conrad, Kipling, Masefield and George Sterling. I understand that Ibsen, Conrad and Kipling are being brought to the motion picture screen. The public seems to be demanding higher class material.

"If only Jack could have lived to see his stories, properly done in motion pictures! He loved 'The Star Rover' and that is the one they're doing first. I have just heard from the East that they've rebuilt the streets of old Korea for one episode of it, and



At a garden party, wounded soldiers have a charming hostess in Billie Burke—a scene in the new Paramount picture, "The Misleading Widow."

Owen Moore, a rich New York idler, has been carried away by the spirit of the carnival and meets romance with ungloved hands. The girl is Hedda Nova, and the man of murderous intent is Sidney Ainsworth, in "Crimson Gardenia," a Goldwyn picture.



that they had constructed a Viking ship so that the part of the story laid in that period would be historically accurate. When producers go to such expense so as to have such details accurate, it is a healthy sign. The artistic conscience is awake and strong. It argues well for literature on the screen.

"I am anxious to see how they will do 'The Call of the Wild.' It is not to be produced for a year, they tell me, for it will take that long to train the dog for the part. Jack wrote 'The Call of the Wild' to develop a natural psychological bent, I suppose—delving into race consciousness. He did not consider it his best story, however, despite its tremendous popularity. Jack liked 'White Fang,' the companion story better, deeming it a better constructive piece of work. Some of his writings not so well known to the public, he liked best. Better than any of his books he liked the story, 'The League of the Old Men,' and he loved 'People of the Abyss.' His 'John Barleycorn' should be a big success these days. He carried that story in his mind for years, before writing it. The big idea in it was to make alcohol inaccessible for the young. He was absolutely in favor of Prohibition, nation-wide, and nothing else. The message of 'John Barleycorn' on the screen should be a powerful one.

"I am told that the majority of an average motion picture audience is composed of women. Most women do not like the 'clinging-vine' woman, nor the 'little mouse' woman, nor the 'pouting baby stare' woman. They like women who have a mind of their own, women with imagination, women who can go out and do things. Of Jack's heroines, those I personally like best are Lady Om in 'The Star Rover'; Dede Mason in 'Burning Daylight,' and the Indian girl in 'The Wit of Pauper-Tuk.'

"I like them best because I think they are the best kind of sports. They have minds of their own, they have imagination, they do big things, and what is more, they stick, they stay put. For example, Lady Om, she loved her hero but with her it had to be fifty-fifty. By that I mean, that if he ever for any reason had ceased to love her fully and truly, little Lady Om would surely have gone her own way without so much as a glance back. Her heart would have



Nazimova as "The Brat," a roguish, winsome girl with ready wit and a fine nature



Macmillan (Charles Bryant) finds keen inspiration in the Brat once she is installed in his home



Asked to dance for a charity bazaar, Nazimova as the Brat dons this elfish costume

NAZIMOVA A WINSOME HEROINE IN "THE BRAT"

NAZIMOVA'S latest screen appearance is in "The Brat," filmed by Metro from Maude Fulton's play of that title. The Brat, a child in years, loses her "job" in the chorus. As she is leaving the theatre her beauty attracts Stephen Forrester, a dissolute spendthrift, and he offers her new clothes—for a consideration. She slaps his face, and is arrested and taken to Court.

Macmillan Forrester, an author, has dropped into the Court. He realizes the Brat is the type he is looking for and takes her home, much to the chagrin of Angela, Macmillan's fiancée. The Brat and Stephen meet again and she finds that he is Macmillan's younger brother.

Stephen comes to his brother for money. Macmillan, busy with his book, asks the Brat to find the key to the safe. After giving the money to Stephen, he returns the key to the girl and she drops it into her pocket. Stephen is hard pressed by a money-lender and is drinking heavily. Thinking to save him, the Brat takes the key from the cellar and puts it in her pocket with the other.

The Brat is asked to dance for a charity bazaar. She overhears Stephen and the money-lender quarreling. Stephen promises the money on the following day. As the Brat runs up stairs he demands the key to the cellar. She throws it to him, remarking that he can drink himself to death if he wants to. Stephen finds that the key is for the safe.

Owing to a trick of Angela's, the Brat's dance is a failure and, not waiting for the others, she rushes home in shame. She finds Stephen rifling the safe and takes the money from him. At this moment the others arrive and the Brat is accused of being the thief. With despair she sees that Macmillan also believes her guilty. Her misery is too much for Stephen and he confesses his guilt. The joy that spreads over Macmillan's face tells his fiancée where his real love lies and she quietly places her engagement ring on the table, leaving the Brat to her new-found happiness.

been broken but she would have been too proud to cling to him when she knew he didn't want her any longer. In other words, she would have been a 'good sport' and taken her medicine. This she proved in the positive by sticking to him to the end because he did love her. Even though it was to an extent her lover's fault that everything came crashing down about them, even though she might have shifted the onerous burden upon his shoulders and gone scot-free if she had so minded; she stuck to him and chose forty long years of misery because he loved her as much as she loved him.

"Those are the kind of women, who to my mind, will make universal suffrage worth while. It is that kind of women who for years have fought for universal suffrage, who have been the big leaders in the 'Votes for Women' movement, and who have succeeded wonderfully, despite the organized cavil and ridicule heaped upon their heroic attempts. They are tremendously imaginative and it is that which has made them leaders among women just as only imaginative men can be leaders among men. In transferring such women from the pages of literature to the screen, much good will be done. It will make women—and men—think.

"The woman that the average man likes to paint as the ideal woman, to flatter his own vanity, is generally a dull and simple baggage. The average man wants his woman meek and docile, without spunk or backbone, without imagination and ideas of her own. He wants his woman forever to look up to him, and I am afraid the average man, at heart, agrees with the vicious delineation of the mission on earth of the ideal woman as expounded by the most press-agaged man in the world, viz: kitchen, church and children. This maxim has,



Thomas H. Ince presents William S. Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson," an Artcraft Picture

until recently, been the man-made precept for women for the last ten thousand years. Despite this psychological strait-jacket, the female of the species has advanced, at last shattered the metaphysical fetish of the average man, to wit, 'the inferiority of women. Moreover, this yoke of man-made inferiority has caused to make the average woman a calculating creature, it has caused her to be concerned only with realities and has stunted her imagination, her flight of

fancy. It has surfeited her with common sense, but the average man instead of crediting her with at least that one accomplishment, viz: common sense, has in his usual sentimental way, invented the term 'woman's intuition' instead. The heroines of literature portrayed upon the screen, will make some dents in conventional opinion.

"The greatest shake-up of the old-fashioned idea of woman, the most startling awakening from the unhealthy hasheesh dream that the average man was wont to indulge in, came with the past three years

which conclusively proved that women are equal to any emergency. I have sometimes, in the past, been inclined to class women in the mass as not very progressive, but the Great War has absolutely and finally dispelled this judgment. From now on, man and woman face the goal of human progress hand in hand. The day when the average man considered woman either as a drudge or a doll, when his average conversation consisted of vain boastings about himself on his part and he demanded sweet nothings in return, the day when the average man would ask a woman only 'yes' and would consider an occasional 'no' as high treason to his superior intellect—these days are of the past. So must pass the false conceptions of womanhood, with which the motion picture screen has been surfeited. So now is coming real women—women from the pages of the world's greatest writers.

"I am glad that in the transference of Jack's books to the screen they are not being made monologues, so to speak, for some star. I have always wanted to hear that great stories would some day be done in pictures as the author had written them.

"Stars can often carry off ordinary stories but a really big novel needs only intelligent interpretation."



© Hartsook

Pauline Frederick, star of the stage and screen, has just completed her latest picture for Goldwyn, entitled "One Week of Life"



Marjorie Daw, formerly leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks, has recently become allied with the Marshall Neilan Productions

Lucy Cotton is the star in Gerald Bacon's new feature picture, "Sun-Up"



TALLULAH BANKHEAD, DAUGH-

TER OF A CONGRESSMAN, GRAND-

DAUGHTER OF A SENATOR,

GAINS FAVOR ON THE SCREEN

W. B. Bankhead, Congressman of the tenth Congressional district of Alabama, can claim a very talented daughter. Not content with laurels won in filmland, she is to appear in the legitimate too. Selected out of a hundred and fifty candidates, she is to play the leading feminine rôle in a special road company to be seen in Rachel Crothers' successful comedy, "39 East." J. H. Bankhead, her grandfather, was U. S. Senator from Alabama. Miss Bankhead's last appearance on the screen was with Olive Tell in the Universal picture "The Trap."



Alfred Cheney Johnston



Members of the Smithsonian-Universal Expedition who are to travel many miles through Darkest Africa to bring its wonders, curiosities and natural history to moving picture audiences all over the world. The trip is to be made by scientific experts of the Smithsonian Institute in conjunction with the Universal Film Company. William Stowell (seated center left) will direct the motion picture work



Brunel

W. B. Davidson, who is lending Virginia Pearson admirable support in the leading male rôle of "Impossible Catherine," her latest picture



© Underwood and Underwood

Rex Beach, the popular novelist, who with Samuel Goldwyn recently organized the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., to present photoplays based on well-known stories



Catherine Calvert, Famous Players star, snapped at Lake George where she is summering with her small son whose father was the late playwright, Paul Armstrong



Bessie Barriscale seeks rest and recreation at home after a strenuous day filming "The Woman Michael Married"

Woodbury



Saucy and dashing, in black tulle and chiffon, Miss Dickson exploits a real fashion in her dance atop the Century, in the "Midnight Whirl." There are several layers of chiffon beneath the tulle, and black drops of glass decorate the tulle. A stiff bow of taffeta provides a successful finish.

The Programme of Fashion

Alfred Cheney Johnston

By PAULINE MORGAN

A vision of silvery loveliness, Miss Dickson dances in long-trained gown in "The Royal Vagabond." The dress is of cloth of silver, lined with hyacinth chiffon. The tiny wing jacket is of the same colored chiffon, beaded in crystals. A sash of turquoise and violet chiffon floats gracefully with the dance.

DOROTHY DICKSON in a charming Callot gown of white coque feathers over white satin, from Tappe, Inc. Miss Dickson is a bewitching sprite in this elfin-like creation which is very short and narrow. You ask how she manages so much agility in a short skirt? Whether the secret lies with the little genius of the dance, or with the talented designer, it is hard to say, but in any event the skirt opens at the side front from top to hem of skirt, cleverly concealing the fact.

AS to jewels, Miss Dickson wears pearls almost exclusively. In the photo she is wearing a magic long strand of small pearls, which are wound tightly around her throat, but very frequently she wears the same pearls wound into a bracelet of seven or eight gleaming bands. Miss Dickson is the originator of this piquant fashion of wearing small pearls.



POUR LE JOUR

LYNN FONTAINE CHOOSES

AMERICAN FASHIONS FOR

SOCIAL LIFE AND STAGE WEAR.

Lovely blues and tan combine in making a stunning tricote gown for afternoon wear. Made by Bergdorf Goodman



Hill's Studio



For a head-dress, Miss Fontaine introduces a new idea in the use of two uncured ostrich feathers joined with ribbon and a diamond flower brooch

BY way of distinct contrast to the French fashion, behold Miss Fontaine in a conservative long-skirted street gown! It is becoming, however, to her English beauty, and suits certain of her moods which are colorful and talented. When she wears the short frock, it betrays her mood to many admiring friends. The photograph cannot do justice to the delightful chic of the beige tricoté gown. The smart neck-line, pointed girdle and rope of Jade wood beads are unusual features, and when worn with a wrap of summer ermine, lined with green and gold, the effect is picturesque and very feminine. Miss Fontaine wears with this costume one of the new Russian turbans with blue-green satin top and roll of beige velvet.

AN all-day dress worn by Miss Fontaine on her recent voyage to the other side is a new Fall model of great comfort and charm. It is a slip-over jumper style of blue and tan check with a loose fold on each side, front and back. Side pockets with tailored buttons provide the only ornamentation, for the entire interest of the frock depends on the dainty frilled blouse of cream batiste. The cuff is unusual with its graceful pleated ruffle and quaint little under-cuff tightly buttoned around the wrist.

MISS FONTAINE carried this smart new patent leather pocketbook on her voyage. It is commodious, with several departments, and is elegant in simplicity and gold initial. With the beige tricoté gown, Miss Fontaine carries one of the gorgeous new brocade bags in brilliant colors, with shell mounting.



MISS FONTAINE WILL INTRODUCE THIS
EVENING GOWN IN "MADE OF MONEY,"
A NEW PLAY BY RICHARD WASHBURNE
CHILDS AND PORTER EMERSON BROWNE,
WHICH WILL HAVE ITS PRÉMIERE
IN NEW YORK ON SEPTEMBER 20TH.

*Made and designed by
Bergdorf Goodman*



Hill's Studio

Jade green sequins fashion a truly regal tunic over a gracefully draped skirt of Jade green charmeuse. Rich brocades and entire gown of sequins are featured in many of the Fall fashion displays

THEY are here! Short-sleeved, short-skirted frocks with bewitching side draperies for evening gowns; and cunning touches of bright color for all-day frocks.

THE evening gown sketched to the left of the page is an advance model showing a clever treatment of moon-glo satin crépe. Orchid and silver, daintily brocaded, forms the body of the gown, while the fashionable side trimming flutes itself in cascades of silver lace beaded in silver. Silver cloth is glimpsed occasionally, facing the graceful long train, and again appearing at the under-arm bodice.

ONE of the very newest frocks is characteristically Parisian, and is winsome in design and effect. Of midnight blue, the bodice is cut in kimono style with sleeves a little below the shoulder; the skirt is gathered slightly to the waist-band, and a narrow orange wool fringe decorates the hem. The same wool fringe edges the tiny sleeve, and narrow strips of orange wool with little bullet buttons emblazon the front to several inches below the waist line.



KATHERINE PERRY AND BETTY

MORTON OF THE "ZIEGFELD

FOLLIES" IN STUNNING NEW

FALL HATS FROM BRUCK-WEISS.

Miss Perry wearing a "Wing Tay" hat of jade green taffeta and black. The Chinese design is distinctly new, and is very appropriately worn with the skimpy-skirted, short-sleeved frock of the moment.

THE favorite hat in Paris is black, frequently worn without any trimming, or perhaps decorated with paradise or glycerine feathers. In New York, the chic headgear is shown in rich, dark colors with little trimming or ostrich feathers. This only for the moment, however, as the fashion fairy insists on a fickle season, and various extremes are likely to appear over night.

THE "tam" is extremely fetching for general wear, and several of our prominent screen stars are seen wearing them on the avenue and in the restaurants. Elaine Hammerstein is wearing a large tam of ivory duvetyn with a huge buckle at the side of rhinestones and blue enamel.

THE three-cornered hat is another youthful style, and soft round hats with large Alsatian bows are smart.

AS to veils!—the heavy border designs are in demand again as they achieve the "covered-up chin" effect which is decidedly correct, and which we will see exploited in the new wraps.

TOUCHES of orange are effective on either blue or brown. Lovely shades of brown are with us again, from deep ivory to the deepest shades of tobacco brown.

Miss Morton, one of the beauties of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, favors the picture hat. At present she confines her choice to soft, wide brims, which yield gracefully to any desired angle. This lovely model is of mulberry chiffon velvet with a wreath of ostrich in darker hue.



Streamers are no longer confined to summer hats. Here we have a rather bizarre effect, with very narrow streamers beading a wide head band of gold and silver lace. This band fits snugly around the head, holding in place the flat wheel hat of amethyst velvet, pyramided with three ostrich feathers of the same color.

HATS MAY BE OF ANY
SHAPE FOR FALL, PROVIDED
ED THEY ARE MADE OF
DUVETYN, VELVET OR FUR



Hill's Studio

In thoughtful mood, Miss Perry poses in a lovely hat of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed in skunk. The cut-steel buckle adds the only touch of ornamentation. This charming hat is very versatile, as it is dignified or piquant, according to adjustment

With a picturesque Oriental scarf, Miss Perry wears a demure little hat of black maline and narrow French blue ribbon. The side drapery is very chic, and gives a hint of the futher smart designs we are to see in millinery this Fall. A facing of flesh-colored chiffon, and a roll of gold cord on the brim above, gives a very youthful and becoming glow to the face



To go a-shopping, Miss Perry wears a provoking turban of rose-colored chiffon velvet, with the popular ostrich trimming at the side back. The ostrich feather determines to remain in favor, and wins its point in this matter. The fashion of wearing a fur or wrap to cover the chin, continuing an unbroken line to below the waist line, is a decided getting away from conventional dress

ADVICE SERVED WITH TEA

By ANGELINA

MY Godchild came into town the other afternoon, rang me up and asked me to come over to the Manhattan for tea. I never told you I was a "naval reserve" Godmother, did I? He's a sweet, good-looking infant from Kentucky, now a six-foot Junior at New Haven, and as he insists on keeping up the *marraine* relation even though the war is over he dutifully calls me up at intervals and invites me somewhere. Besides, I know he finds it thrilling to have the celebrities pointed out to him as we go about.

We were half-way through tea, when a little group of three, coming into the room, pounced on me: with shrieks of joy,—a girl from the West, whom I knew at school, her mother and young sister.

"Angelina!" they cried in a breath. "What luck! You're just the person . . . We're all on to get fitted out. Do tell us! What's going

wrap, or a dolman effect, you can be sure you're right and go ahead."

That very day I'd been hearing a lot about them, so I was on "terra cotta" there. And I'd been seeing Roshanara's chinchilla satin cape that she invented—she designs most of her clothes and is awfully artistic and ingenious at it—and that, in order not to be monotonous, can be worn in seven different ways, each twist to show a bit of its gay pussy-willow silk lining. And two cape-wraps for evening that Miss Martha Mansfield, the Follies' beauty, will wear this winter, made of the new metal broche pussy-willow satin.

I told them there should be two evening wraps at least of that latter material in their wardrobe, if they wanted to make a showing. Nothing more stunning in the way of evening fabrics could be imagined. Anybody might be beautiful in them.



Miss Martha Mansfield, Follies' beauty, is so much in favor of the new metal broche pussy-willow satin that she has had two evening wraps made of it for the winter. Above is a Bruck-Weiss model in navy blue and silver with hat of electric blue and metal broche

and—

Below is another in black and gold metal broche pussy-willow satin trimmed with skunk



What is a fur coat today without its contrasting lining? It is an egg without salt, a peacock without a tail, a sine qua non, in short, an impossibility. Wherefore, Lubovska has wisely chosen for her broad-tail wrap a lining of kumsi-kunsa plaided in blue and black

to be worn? You don't mind our making use of you?"

"Not in the least," I assured them, "everybody does. I'm a nice, obliging, old thing, amn't I, Godchild?" And Godchild responded promptly with that traditional Southern gallantry that every Kentucky infant seems to have at its command. We turned him over to the young sister to jolly and plunged into clothes and toast and tea.

After many things were settled—"Capes, Angelina?" suddenly asked Molly. "Shall we buy capes? Are they still going to be worn?"

"Assuredly," I answered. "Wherever you see a cape, whether for day or evening, or a cape



No question about the continued popularity of capes! Roshanara, who has a pretty skill at designing clothes, originated this one of the new fabric chinchilla satin, that drapes in such graceful, rich folds, choosing for its lining, a gay pussy-willow silk



Photos Aime Dupont

"Whatever else happens, I myself am going to have an evening cloak in the dark blue and silver," I announced. "It's such a very new and original color combination for evening and goes so beautifully with fur."

And I was able to tell them about some of the other new silk materials that I'd been seeing. Chinchilla satin, for instance, that is very like that heavy, "curdy" Roshanara crepe—which you all must know—except that the former has a satin finish on one side. And about "Dovedown," which it seems to me is almost the greatest triumph of all the new creations, for it is a silk duvetin that eliminates all the bad features of the original duvetin; the rubbing and creasing. This fabric is so soft and pliable it can fairly be tied into knots (Concluded on page 196)

THREE stars appearing in "East is West," at the Astor Theatre: Fay Bainter, Hassard Short and Packer's Tar Soap.



Photograph by White, New York

FAY BAINTER and PACKER'S TAR SOAP

IN that engaging comedy, "East is West," Fay Bainter as Ming Toy, the Chinese heroine, adores three things above all others: White man's God, peanuts and *tar soap*.

Miss Bainter doesn't specify "Packer's"—but the "property" soap used in the second act of the play is the original and inimitable product known to two generations of Americans.

Ming Toy, being a "heathen Chinee" and unused to occidental ways, uses Packer's Tar Soap as a perfume. She is captivated by its pleasant, piney fragrance.

She marries "Mist' Billy Benson," whose privilege it becomes to explain to his charming wife

the real benefits to be obtained from the proper use of "tar soap" in shampooing.

Mrs. Billy Benson, and Billy too, for the matter of that, can have nice-looking, healthy hair years from now, if they are careful to use Packer's Tar Soap regularly, and this applies to everybody—East and West.

Send 10c for sample half-cake of "Packer's." You cannot begin too early.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. *Liberal sample bottle 10c.*

Packer products are sold by druggists

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Department 88-I, 116-120 West 32nd St., NEW YORK CITY



The Furs That Heighten Woman's Charm



POSED BY
MISS GRACE DARLING

Broadtail Dolman, with deep Collar and Cuffs of Chinchilla. An exquisite and extremely useful garment.

*Booklet sent on request.
"Fall and Winter Furs
1919-1920"*

A. Jaeckel & Co.
Furriers
384 Fifth Avenue
(Between 35th and 36th Sts.)
NEW YORK

—Ira L. Hill's Studio

C'EST DE PARIS

By HOWARD GREER



One of the popular toques of mauve tulle braided, and a shower of aigrettes falling to the side



A chapeau of patent leather and enormous pearls, with a visor-like veil of black net



A daring frock of white taffeta seen at Longchamps, of white taffeta, with gray fur on the sleeve and about the hips. Vermillion and blue beads trim the astonishingly little bodice, and the high hat is of white taffeta, topped with a vermilion rose

"PLUS DE JUPON,
PLUS DE CHEMISE,
PLUS DE BAS,
MESDAMES, CET
ÉTÉ! C'EST LA
MODE"

THUS runs the caption in explanation of a very naughty—but altogether charming cartoon in a current issue of *La Vie Parisienne*. A bit exaggerated, perhaps, but these few words offer one a skeleton of the idea of the moment, with perchance a stitch or so more than the simple sentence might lead one to believe, draped about the skeleton.

And yet, in this period of uncertainty, things suddenly seem more conservative than they did a brief month ago. Skirts seem a trifle longer, and the bars of fringe or braid that often encircle them, give an impression of fullness, where none really exists.

Hats seem to be the fascinating subject of the hour—big ones and little ones; soft draped tulle toques, and stiff, glazed-straw broad-brimmed sun-shades; flowers, beads, and fruit in scattered profusion; and bird of paradise—lots of it!

FURS have disappeared and given way to masses of plumes and swirling feather, which serve not alone as regal coiffures, but as shoulder ornaments, decorative motifs upon the design of materials and even as the basis for entire robes and cloaks. There is a riot of color, somewhat subtly achieved in sequins and cut beads; the lines are daring and youthful—long pointed toes are replaced by round Chinese-like silhouettes, and precious jewels in platinum are worn in bands about the ankles.

AT the theatres, the splendor of the spectacle behind the foot-lights is rivalled by the array in the boxes and stalls. There is Gaby's intimate revue at the Femina. Though a bit below the standard of Gaby shows, it is a rainbow of color and a sea of feathers. Erté, from his villa at Monte Carlo, has sent sketches for the chorus numbers, but Gaby has evidently conceived her own ideas, working upon the theory that pearls and plumes are for her alone! The unhappy consequence is a confusion of feathers, with little more than Gaby's eyes visible through the towering atrocities. In one dance with Harry Pilcer, she was divine in a simple, airy costume of pale yellow paradise feather upon chiffon.

A GREAT gilded cage, against a black and silver background, formed the set, with Gaby, as a contented canary, swinging listlessly upon her gilded perch. The entrance of Pilcer, as an enormous and very wicked-looking cat, occasioned the beginning of a series of whirls and pantomime that was altogether delightful. (Continued on page 192)

While we won't dispute that a rose by any other name might be quite as fragrant, a Pettibocker by any other name just can't be a Pettibocker!



Vanity Fair Union
Suit 34822



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Vanity Fair
Pettibocker 3475

Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR

THREE is only one Pettibocker and that is the Vanity Fair! All the frilly daintiness of the petticoat with the comfort of a knicker!

Perhaps the designers of Vanity Fair should feel flattered by that subtlest of all compliments—imitation—but after originating the Pettibocker and spending countless hours and unlimited effort perfecting it, they naturally want the women for whom it was designed to enjoy the comfort and luxury of the real Pettibocker—not to suffer from the inferiority of imitations.

Yet, there is a way to know that you're getting the original and only "Pettibocker." See that the label, in the back below the waist-elastic, says

"Vanity Fair Pettibocker." It's worth the slight trouble of looking—for you know what Vanity Fair stands for in the world of undersilks!

No matter what you want in a fine quality glove silk, whether it's a vest, envelope chemise, union, knicker or Pettibocker, ask for Vanity Fair.

There are so many special features—there's the double-back that only the Vanity Fair knicker can boast; the sure-lap on the union that keeps it closed; the step-in envelope chemise with never a snap nor button; the vest with four extra inches in length—and above all, the quality and exquisite workmanship of Vanity Fair itself.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves.

The Beauty Play

ACT: 1:

Young Mrs. Jenkins is in despair—she has just glanced in her mirror and realizes that she looks about ten years older than her age—which is thirty-one. There are three wrinkles in the corner of her eyebrows; besides the summer sun has played havoc with her complexion.

There is a dinner party to-night, and all she can do is follow the simplest way—some powder and some rouge.

ENTER MRS. BELLows

Her friend looks mysteriously at the artificial-looking glow of health, but says nothing.

Act 2:

Three weeks later—matters have gone from bad to worse. Mrs. Jenkins is thoroughly in despair. The wrinkles have increased (one cannot laugh and keep late hours, without something happening). The terrible tell-tale sign of age is upon her—for the skin around her lower jaw hangs loosely—the crowsfeet detract from the natural prettiness of her eyes—the freckles stand out boldly—the pores are large and unrefined looking—and the oil just seems to ooze out of her face.

Mrs. Jenkins attends the play, and in glancing listlessly over the program, observes announcements of Mme. Rubinstein's; notes the address—46 West 57th Street—decides to call early next morning.

Act 3:

Meets Mme. Helena Rubinstein; is astonished with the beauty of the Rubinstein Salon; delighted with the art of its decorations; charmed with the manner of Mme. Rubinstein and her assistants; is thoroughly calmed after a few minutes' chat with the great beauty expert, who assures her there is nothing to worry about.

Act 4:

No more wrinkles, no more blotches, no more freckles, skin has returned to its normal conditions.

But if you will come behind the scenes thereafter, you will find Mrs. Jenkins busily engaged in following the natural method of "a la Rubinstein."

Special Note—To those women who cannot personally consult Mme. Rubinstein, there is a series of effective home treatments which are recommended as follows:

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN EMOLlient:

The fundamental of Mme. Rubinstein's treatment for weather-beaten, blotchy, muddy or freckled skins, toneless skins, which require stimulation. Price: \$1.25, \$2.25, \$6.50.

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION: For use in conjunction with Valaze Beautifying Emollient. Prevents the spread of wrinkles and should be used whenever cream is removed from the face, so as to stimulate the pores and tighten up the skin, thereby preventing large pores. Price: \$1.25, \$2.50, \$6.50. For very dry skins, use the special skin-toning lotion. Price: \$2.25, \$4.40.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE: Overcomes enlarged pores, undue flushing of the nose and face, oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and blackheads. Also used for cleansing the face of dirt, grease and travel stains. Price: \$1.75, \$3.00, \$6.00.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY: Wrinkles under the eyes and flabbiness in the neck vanish under the application of Valaze Roman Jelly. It contracts the skin and removes ungainly hollows and puffy places. Price: \$1.50, \$3.00.

VALAZE SUN AND WIND PROOF CREAM: For golfers and motorists—protects against the chemical action of the sun's rays and the ravages of wind. Price: \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00.

Some Other Mme. Rubinstein's Beauty Aids

VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES: A new and delightful coloring for the face, whose tone is so soft and natural as not to betray the least trace of artificiality. Price: \$1.00, \$3.50 and up.

VALAZE EYELASH CREAM: To stay the falling of eyelashes and eyebrows, and promote their growth—at the same time darkening them. Price: \$1.00 and \$1.50 a jar.

VALAZE REDUCING JELLY: A specialty that induces the absorption of the superfluous fat which collects around the face, forming a double chin. A little of the jelly rubbed in daily will maintain the youthful contour of the face. Price: \$1.50, \$3.00, \$6.00.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE: To be used instead of soap, for refining coarse skin texture, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores, and removing all greasiness of the skin. Price: \$1.10, \$2.20, \$3.80 and up.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

46 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

PARIS, 255 Rue St. Honoré

LONDON, 24 Grafton Street

Chicago: Mlle. Lola Beckman, 30 North Michigan Avenue
San Francisco: Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post Street and Grant Avenue



"Robe de ville" of blue serge and black silk ribbon fringe, worn by Mlle. Markey at the Palais Royal



PARIS is mad over the tango and the fox-trot—while conservative London contents herself with new interpretations of the waltz.

The first strains of the tango are always accompanied by a dimming of lights, a drop in the hum of conversation, while the dancers throw themselves into an exaggerated state of "atmosphere." Nothing is quite so comforting as an "aperitif" by the Cafe de la Paix, just before the dinner hour, when the crowd is most dense—or a refreshing beverage after the theatre, at night, and it is an exceeding novelty to the American who takes his drink, or pardon me!—took his drink at home.

BUT the costumes that milady carries into the various places! A bit shocking after the sombre raiments of the past few years—but still delightfully economical! For there are no backs in the evening gowns—no sleeves in the summer frocks, knee length for the street and dance—and now—they have discarded stockings! But with delicious inconsistency—the Parisienne has twined her ankles with priceless chains and bracelets to offset the absence of "les bas." Only last evening, at a very fashionable soirée in the Avenue Hoche, I counted five women upon the floor, elaborately coiffed and gowned, with black satin pumps strapped about the pale lustre of bare ankles.

I HAVE just returned from a fortnight in London—where conditions are not so topsy-turvy, and one feels free to take a good long breath, without fear of facing the luxury tax for such an indulgence. Quite the most delightful stage production, to me, was the musical version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Maggie Teyte's superb personality throughout. And by far the most charming costume in London was one worn by Miss Madge Titheradge in "In the Night Watch" at the Oxford. A sketch in black and white cannot do justice to the creation—one must imagine an ethereal fall of gold—for the foundation was of gold cloth with ripples of gold beads and rhinestones falling, in Pierrot-like squares, from the material.

IN Paris, however, the opera, continuing long after its accustomed clos-Salome," in one evening, with Ida Rubinstein in the latter. I was Madame Paderewski entered a box—five minutes' wild applause followed the appearance of Poland's premier, and the musician-statesman bowed as calmly to the gathering as though he were graciously refusing an encore to an enthusiastic musical audience. Madame Paderewski, in shimmery white and silver with a great cloak of chinchilla thrown over one shoulder, stood modestly a bit behind her famous husband, smiling and sharing his honor.

A SHORT time ago I saw both Rigoletto and "The Tragedy of Salome," in one evening, with Ida Rubinstein in the latter. I was thrilled with Mme. Rubinstein's interpretation of the oft-presented character, but disappointed there, as everywhere, with the French presentation. Of all places, one might expect the Parisians to have found the keynote of simplicity in lighting and staging, but even they have missed it. After all—is Greenwich Village the only spot where one finds genuine relief in monotones and simple suggestions?

An afternoon frock from Callot, of rose taffeta and pale yellow chiffon, embroidered in beads, worn by Max Linder's leading woman

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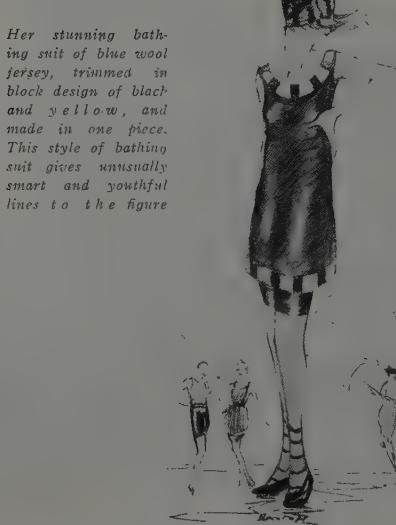
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HIGH boots—Oxfords in combination colors, and pumps in shades of grey, beaver, bronze and white, with the long narrow vamp! This notwithstanding the promise or threat or however you may regard it, of the round-toed French shoe. Colored shoes will certainly be more popular and in greater demand than ever before—shoes to harmonize with the costume is essential to the correctly gowned woman. For only too long have women been neglectful of this kind of harmony—with infinite care they select gloves and millinery to attain a certain color scheme, but they often seem unmindful of the important part which footwear plays in the general appearance. Slowly but surely the French influence has done its work, and short skirts seem inevitable. High boots therefore are of pre-eminent consideration, and pretty, well shod feet today are the "observed of observed." It is interesting to note the way an eye travels from face to gown, and then to the feet, and very frequently disappointment is manifest in the last glance. Anyhow, men always notice a woman's feet. So if you dress to please the men, give a thought to your footwear. Pretty feet are not a matter of size! Shoes of soft kidskin, conforming snugly to the foot and to the ankle, have a tendency to make the foot look smaller, as well as the ankle look more trim. And the kidskin is practical—inasmuch as the kidskin called F. B. & C is so easily cleaned. Spots are quickly removed with a little castile soap and water, but a thorough cleaning with a regular cleaning fluid renews them after a time more satisfactorily.



Her stunning bathing suit of blue wool jersey, trimmed in block design of black and yellow, and made in one piece. This style of bathing suit gives unusually smart and youthful lines to the figure

Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the versatile sports-women who swim late in the season. She continues this aquatic diversion until late in December. Perhaps it is because the saucy Annette Kellerman bathing outfit is so comely and becoming that Mrs. Roscoe is so insistent on late season bathing

WINTON SIX



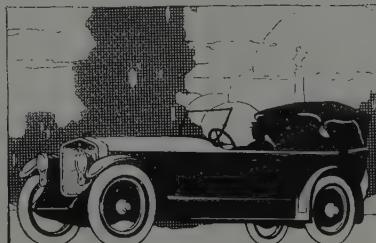
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THE WINTON COMPANY
116 BEREA ROAD, CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.



(Continued from page 188)

AND then I went on and described the wonderful new ribbons I had likewise been seeing, and of how they were more popular than ever, for hats, for frocks, for bags, for—oh, everything. And of how you couldn't go wrong in investing there, either.

Had they seen any of the adorable hats made entirely of ribbon, that were to be the rage, this Fall? Didn't Molly remember the one I brought back from Paris several years ago and how it was raved over? Funny! We're just taking up the idea over here now. Due to the artistic enterprise of the Johnson, Cowdin people, who not only make those beautiful *de luxe* ribbons, but show you all the myriad different things you can do with them.

For example, they showed me a set of scarf, hat, and bag, made of taupe brown ducetyn combined with one of their old blue and silver metallic ribbons. The scarf was rather narrow, just wide enough to take as lining, from selvage to selvage, an old blue satin ribbon. At either end of the ducetyn side was a deep finishing band of the blue and silver metal ribbon, with blue silk fringe below. The hat was a small turban of the blue and silver ribbon, intertwined with the ducetyn, and the bag had its bottom of the ducetyn and the top of the metal ribbon.



And of all the charming things that are being done with ribbon quite the most charming is this idea of making hats of it. Miss Ruby de Remer's blonde loveliness above is framed in a hat built entirely of old rose Democracy grosgrain

AND did Molly and her mother know about the new veilings? Van Raalte's, of course. They're the only ones worth talking of. Molly, get out your pencil and take down these names. You'll save yourself a lot of trouble when you go shopping, if you know them. Ready?

First, "Fan-see," a very fine octagon mesh with little raised figures through it. "Sparkle," a bit like the "Twinkle"—you remember?—but even prettier, I think. There is a fancy octagon mesh, the mesh in fine double instead of single lines, and with square woven dots at intervals that stand out on cheeks and chin as if they were coquettish little "patches." "Pam," a square hair-line mesh—that's the new mesh and even more becoming than the octagon—outlined by larger squares. Have you got those?

Then, the "Sonnet"—it is indeed—a filet ground with a flower design running through the veil and on the border. The "Lafta," a large square design; the "Bab," again double threads worked in squares; the "Coleen," a fancy mesh. I can't describe it, but it's lovely. And the "Jingle," another fancy mesh, another indescribable, but wildly becoming.

Evelyn Gosnell of "Up in Mabel's Room" wearing pajama suit trimmed with "J. C." Lady Fair Ribbon.

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, the artist, has just declared that American women, already the fairest on earth, are growing more beautiful with every passing year. The reason? "*Because being beautiful is an art* (the italics are our own) "and the American women are keeping ahead of their foreign sisters in this art, as the American brethren are in business."

IT is perfectly true that you find the American woman giving increased regard to each detail of her physical appearance. She knows she can't afford to slight even so seemingly small a thing as a single eyelash in the competitive race for beauty. That is why the eyes, for the first time, are coming in for their proper share of attention. One is learning that it is possible to enhance their beauty enormously, in a dozen different ways, if one only knows how.

NO woman, naturally, knows more about this art of beautifying and making the most of the eye than the actress, which she has learned from her stage experience. And during our many interviews with her we have picked up one or two of her secrets, which should be of great profit to *Vanity Box* readers.

THERE is, to begin with, the blonde young actress, greatly in demand for vampires of a subtle type, who has lived much of her life in Paris and learned there the art of faintly tinting the eyelids. The interesting part of which story is, that though her eyes are grey-blue, she does this tinting not with a blue pencil, but with a pale brown rouge, which gives depth and mystery to the eye. One thinks it brown at first glance, and blue at second. Then one doesn't know what color it is, except that it is mysterious and alluring. Naturally, the tinting is meticulously done, with such care as one would give to the painting of a miniature. I, myself, was unaware, even though I had seen the lady in broad daylight, of how the effect was obtained, until she let me in on the secret.

THEN there is the popular *danseuse* of the Follies, who adds to the delicacy of her features by going regularly to a beauty shop and having the line of her eyebrow "slenderized," until it is no more than a faint thread arching her brow. Also the equally popular screen star, who, if you will watch for closely, you may discover, lengthens her eyebrow at the tail end to give it a more effective appearance.

NOWADAYS, there is hardly an actress or a woman paying any thought to her make-up, whether blonde or brunette, that doesn't use some sort of darkening for the eyebrows and eyelashes. And you can have no idea of the improvement it will make in certain appearances. We know a blonde doll actress that creates terrible havoc with her beautiful blue eyes, who would be nowhere without this darkening. We saw her once washed out by the sea, and My Word, what a difference! Of course, her eyelashes, to start on, are long and curling, but without their "mascarine" they get nowhere.

MASCARINE of some make is the most popular form of darkening. We know an excellent one, that "sticks," has a delicious perfume, and comes in black, and in dark brown for fair people.

ALSO we have been put wise, by a stage beauty, to three products of a Famous Beauty Specialist. An amazing Eyelash Grower. A wonderful Eye Lotion that clears the white of the eye and removes any tendency there may be to its being clouded or bloodshot. And a splendid Astringent Paste that smooths out all the little wrinkles underneath the eyelids and around the corners, leaving the skin young and smooth.

(Do write the *Vanity Box*, care *The Theatre*, 6 East 39th St., New York City, and let us tell you of these interesting products for beautifying the eye)

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Inject the air-pressure of
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tire, and see what happens.

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a mania for testing tires, the
sensible way is to get Kelly-
Springfield Cords at the start.



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Let Your Own Eyes Tell

THIS is to urge a free ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film. See the results and then decide if filmless teeth will pay.

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of most tooth troubles. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it.

It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has found a way to combat that film. The way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It does what nothing else has done. That is the tooth paste we ask you to try—use a ten-day tube at our cost and see the results for yourself.

You Do Not End the Film

Your present methods remove food debris, but they do not end the film. So teeth discolor and tartar forms. Wherever the film is, decay may follow.

The use of Pepsodent applies pepsin to the film. The film is albuminous and pepsin is the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that has made the constant use of active pepsin possible.

Clinical tests under able authorities have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge the use of Pepsodent. It is keeping millions of teeth white, safe and clean.

Now we ask you to prove it.

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Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Do this and then decide between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon now.



Little Evelyn Hoy, a gifted member of
Helen S. Noble's group of Juvenile Players

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

(Continued from page 175)

everything to play with, so the little mind has nothing left for "make-believe"—and what a pity!—for "make-believe" stimulates his mental activity. I was impressed recently with the example in the two-and-a-half-year-old son of a friend who was having a beautiful time playing with a chair and a couple of dolls; he being the policeman, the chair a patrol wagon, and the dolls the wrong-doers, who had to be taken to the Police Station—but the zest for the "make-believe" was gone when the Mother pushed the chair aside and brought in his real wagon to take the dolls to the Police Station. The child immediately tired of the game and left the wagon in the middle of the room. There was nothing for imagination!

SOME plays I produce are a combination of dramatic work and dancing; some are dancing pantomimes; we, as a nation, are lacking in pantomimic ability, so it takes a lot of coaching to get the little people to respond. I consider that the children get valuable work in more ways than one when they are coached for a play. Our plays are always given for a charity, and I try to impress upon the actors that it is their duty to give of their talent and their fortunate lot in life to the child born in less fortunate walks of life. At the close of the final rehearsal, all the cast are seated on the floor, every one absolutely quiet, while I tell them again the object of the play and that they are to pray that night that tomorrow shall be a fine day (our plays are always in the morning), so that all the children who hoped to come to the theatre may not be disappointed, and especially that the poor children may come. We sell out the gallery to people of means, and these tickets are sent to the various Childrens' Orphanages, and Settlement Houses, etc.—the Street Railway Company often providing free transportation. How those poor little waifs adore those plays!! Most persons will give clothing and food for a child, but how few think of giving joy

and beauty, which is the birth-right of every child.

THE children of foreign parentage have little or no imagination, poor dears, they have no beauty in their sordid lives, so how do they imagine. The parents know fairy-lore and legends, because the old world is filled with it, but our country is too new, and we are too commercial; so my little actors take the keenest delight in playing to kiddies in the galleries, and are taught to play their best for those who have *nothing* in their lives; box-holders are a secondary consideration.

I deplore the way the average child is allowed to go to the Movie. Movies are splendid education structures in many ways, but the average drama produced on the screen is unfit for a child to see, and we must take the good with the bad—so I want my plays to stand for something especially fit for children to see—and worth waiting for.

MADAME SEROVA, of New York, who, so successfully builds lovely plays, and dances for children, says she never teaches dance to a child in which there is an element of something a child should not know—what a splendid thought—I have been more or less instrumental in getting Madame Srova to give in her school these plays for children and have tried to interest the dancing teachers who come to her from parts of the country to study the plays; so I am looking forward seeing eventually an awakened interest in amateur plays for children. We, as teachers, can do much for the branch of work and we must not shirk our responsibility. I have thought to prepare children for the professional stage; it is only my idea to give them a clear wholesome something to play with. It is an educated person who gets the joy out of art, so let us all do our best and educate the child in our care, the beautiful.

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A PIPE organ costs more than a grand piano, but a pipe organ is something a great deal more than a grand piano. A pipe organ is the greatest musical instrument in the world. To own one is to know the finest feeling in the world. A swimming pool costs more than a bath-tub; but you do not consider your swimming pool in terms of bath-tubs. A golf course costs more than a croquet ground; a Rembrandt costs more than a Sargent; a greenhouse costs more

than a cold-frame; but to the man who wants a golf links, or a Rembrandt, or a greenhouse, the question is not whether he can get something entirely different that costs less. It is always how can he get the thing he wants in its most desirable form.

The Estey Residence Organ is made for you who want an organ in your home. No one who has ever heard it in all its wonderful musical versatility can doubt that he wants it, or hesitate about installing it.

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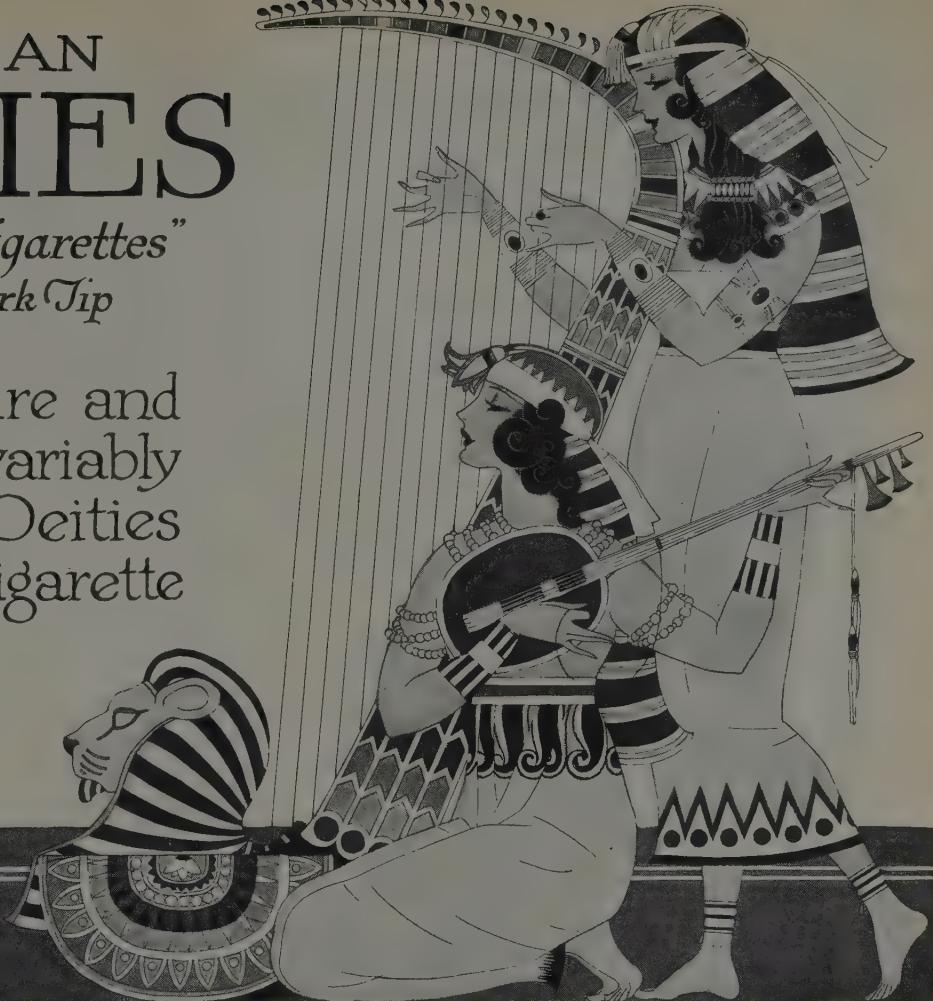
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Stucco on hollow tile, roof of green polished tile, one-inch oak floors, large porch and sleeping porch, hot water heat, electric light, open sanitary plumbing, sewer in street, two baths and four toilets, billiards and gymnasium room, large closets, open fireplace. Two-car garage, summer house and rustic bridge, arbor, fountain, Roman garden, boat house with 100-ft. pier, private bathing beach, ice house, fruit trees, grape vines. CEMENT TENNIS COURT DRY THE YEAR ROUND. TERMS TO SUIT.

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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

(Continued from page 153)

JIMMIE WALSH telephoned her from the hotel and asked her if there was anything new.

"Come over right away."

"Jimmie Walsh," said Fay, very red-eyed, very pale, and more determined than he had ever known her, "there has been a misunderstanding between Mr. Hampton and myself. But however it ends, whatever happens, it is *not* to be published. Do you understand? Not a word of it is press agent stuff. It is private. If one word appears through you or anyone in Blake & Lake's office I shall cancel my contract. Is that clear?"

Her eyes filled, she shook her head, not trusting her voice, clasped his hand and bowed him out.

Then, woman-like, she called him back.

"Jimmie Walsh, I have always liked you. Somehow you have a corner of your brain that is not devoted entirely to publicity. I am going to tell you about it," and she did. When she finished Jimmie's eyes were red. He said with anger, but half of it was a salty dampness:

"I'll go and kill him for you first, and then—"

"No, that won't help in the least."

"I'll—I'll—damn it all, Miss Hampton, I'll do something that will pull you through because you're straight and your story is straight."

FAY HAMPTON went into the city the next day and directly to the office of John Collingwood. Although a neighbor of his, she could not well call on him on business like that, in his home. Collingwood was out; she waited. When he came in and found her he was angry that she had been let in.

He was a lawyer, and an honorable one. He could not allow her to talk to him. She tried to tell him—he held up his hands. "No, no, Mrs. Hampton, I cannot listen to a word."

"But—here is a retainer, I want to engage your services—"

"That is just it—you are too late, your husband has retained me."

"Who-a-at?" gasped Fay. He nodded. "And—and you believe his story?"

"Every word of it."

Fay broke down and wept. Over and over she told John Collingwood that she was innocent, that he would be committing a greater crime than murder if he divorced her and Donald.

"You cannot believe me guilty!"

"I came along in time to see Atkins slide down the veranda pillar from your chamber window," said Collingwood.

"I admit it, I was going to tell you about it—how he deliberately compromised me because—"

"Stop!" thundered Collingwood, "I must ask you to go."

"And you are going to try and separate Donald and me?"

Collingwood bowed.

"There's no getting around the evidence. I am sorry—"

Fay never knew how she got out to the street. Perhaps Mrs. Collingwood would help her. Perhaps, if she told the whole terrible story to her, she would tell her husband. That was one way. But when Fay called at the Collingwood home she was told that Mrs. Collingwood was not at home.

Fay had seen her at the window!

MEANWHILE there was trouble at the Blake & Lake office. "Just as sure as you know who made little fishes, she won't be able to take the part in 'Paste Jewels,'" Jimmie told them.

"She must," yelled Blake.

"She's simply got to," shouted Lake.

They got in touch with Fay Hampton. Jimmie's prophecy was a good one.

"Don't mention contracts to me, don't mention stage to me. Unless I communicate with you within another fortnight get someone else for the part," was her message to them, and her ultimatum.

"Do something, quickly," they told Jimmie.

Jimmie looked at them scornfully. "If I could help her I'd give my right hand," he said. They believed him.

Fay Hampton sat down calmly one day, took herself in a firm grasp, as it were, and studied her predicament just as she would study a great part in a play manuscript to actually live it. She went over every detail, from the first time she saw Atkins up to that moment. Nothing came to her. She went back again, mentally, and started afresh. Nothing offered itself as a solution. But the third time she suddenly stood up, threw her arms exultantly upward and began to lay plans. Her first plan was to telephone for Jimmie Walsh. He arrived by the next train.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I need you," she said.

"Anything, Miss Hampton, from pouring tea to straight murder."

She believed him, but would tell him nothing of her plans. "Just do the things that I ask of you, without question, please."

Jimmie obeyed. He had seen Mrs. Collingwood. He was also shown a photograph of her and then sent to the Woman's Club to find out if she were at the meeting. He came back with information that while he couldn't get in, he got the program and Mrs. Collingwood was to preside.

Jimmie sat around until nearly 11 p. m. Mrs. Hampton had excused herself. When she came down stairs she wore a long automobile coat, down to her toes, buttoned to her chin. She led Jimmie to the garage and got out the little car. She drove it herself to a side street on which the Collingwood lawn abutted. She parked the car on the stretch of turf between the narrow sidewalk and the little-used street; the car lights were out.

"Find out where Collingwood is," she commanded.

(Continued on page 206)



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REHEARSING A PLAY

(Continued from page 142)

stand up under it. A week in committee would most advantageously destroy belief in them, for it must be confessed that the taste for their flashy effects is apt to originate with the actor; if he scratches their surface, fertilizes it with the easiest of his own emotions—a quick crop of something can be raised.

Such plays parallel the cheap fiction which appears and disappears month by month in certain magazines, harmless enough perhaps if it did not debase the market and oust the finer genuine products, if it did not consume and waste so much energy and means.

BUT for the play that attempts some comprehension of life, it is, let it be remembered, not the plan of action but the plan of thought that needs to be most firmly laid, for from plan of thought, plan of action will at the right moment develop itself with surprising ease. Upon that moment it needs the tact of the producer to decide; there are no rules for telling when talk ceases to be fruitful, but the moment's approach should be as obvious as to a hostess are signs of restlessness among her guests. It will have been his skill as a chairman so to have conducted the discussion that its profit has been equalized among the cast so that the same moment—to be quite the right moment—finds them ready and just a bit impatient to add movement to words, to leave their study for the stage.

(To be concluded next month)

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

THOUGH "The Chimes of San Giusto" is virtually a street song such as any Italian might hum as he walks the sunlit ways of an Italian city, its essential gaiety and spontaneous melody make it fully worthy of the best efforts of the great Caruso. It is a song of Italian rapture over the re-conquest of Trieste and to hear this highly typical Italian patriotic number as it is vividly sung by Caruso on a new Victor Record which is among the new list of September offerings, is to fully appreciate the joy of victory which has come after years of suffering.

The "Festival of Bagdad," the fourth movement from Scherazade, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, instantly transports you to Bagdad. This number is really an epitome of the three previous movements based on the Arabian Nights tales.

The Galli-Curci record of the aria "The One of Whom I Dreamed," from Traviata is of interest because this great soprano has made such a perfect Violetta in this opera. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest of all coloratura arias—the awakening of Violetta's soul illuminated by the glow of a pure passion—and to it Galli-Curci has brought her highest gifts. On a double-faced record Olive Kline sings "Chinese Lullaby," a particularly good number with oriental atmosphere, and Elsie Baker presents a delightful lullaby, "Baby Jim," which has a melody of haunting sweetness.—Adv.

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Dorothy Gish in	"NUGGET NELL!"
Lila Lee in	"ROSE OF THE RIVER"
Vivian Martin in	"LOUISIANA!"
Shirley Mason in	"THE FINAL CLOSE-UP!"
Wallace Reid in	"THE LOVE BURGLAR!"
Bryant Washburn in	"A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN!"

Thomas H. Ince—Paramount

Eriad Bennett in	"THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Dorothy Dalton in	"OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray in	"HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"

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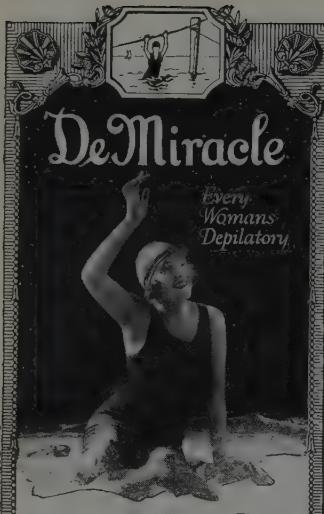
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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER DIVORCE CASES

(Continued from page 202)

Jimmie did the Old Sleuth and reported that he was in the library.

"Sit in the car and watch the front gate," was her next order. "The moment that you see Mrs. Collingwood at the gate, sound the auto horn sharply three times."

"I'll do it if I am living."

"And don't move, whatever you see or whatever I do," was her last command. Jimmie promised.

Fay Hampton crossed the lawn. There was no porch post to climb to reach the Collingwood sleeping chamber, but a little balcony at the window. Fay had evidently studied the ground for she deliberately walked to a rose trellis, made like a "V" with cross bars like a ladder. From her coat pocket she produced pruning shears and severed the rose vines. She tugged at the trellis and it lifted readily from the soft soil. She turned it, wide side down and took it to the chamber window. It made an ideal ladder. Slowly, noiselessly, she climbed up, lifted the window screen and stepped into the room. Jimmie could see dimly. He watched her, breathlessly, and wished he had a gun. He had visions of her getting shot as a burglar.

He waited. It seemed years, it was only minutes, before Mrs. Collingwood reached the gate.

There came three sharp notes from the auto horn.

FAY HAMPTON darted to the chamber door, opened it, and groaned sharply, a long dismal groan.

Collingwood, in the library below, could hear plainly, up the open staircase that led into the library. He looked up. Fay repeated the groan. Collingwood ran up the stairs. Fay stepped into the room and groaned again. Collingwood ran into the room.

"What is it?" he said.

The door closed, the key clicked in the lock, the lights went on and Fay Hampton stood facing John Collingwood.

"Get out," he said, angrily, "it is no use, I tell you. Your tricks will not work—"

"Listen to my story, that is all I ask—"

"Get out," he said.

"I beg of you to listen," she pleaded, slowly, backing toward the window. Her fingers worked rapidly at the buttons of her coat. Secretly she pushed off the rubbers that were over her slippers; in a flash she opened and threw off the cloak and stood before him in the daintiest of nightgowns! A tug at her hair and it came tumbling down.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

TOSCHA SEIDEL makes a thing of beauty of "Hejre Kat" (pronounced High-ra-catty), Hubay's immortal composition of "Scenes from the Csarda," the Hungarian national dance, on his Columbia Record this month. His slow, sweet measures dream and quicken, flash into a mad activity, die away and dream again.

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She turned to the bed, threw it open and leaped in.

"Get out!" This time Collingwood shouted it, too angry and surprised for further words.

Fay Hampton laughed softly.

"Hush," she warned, "your wife is down stairs."

"My God, you fiend, get out!

What will she think?"

"Exactly what my husband thought when he found Atkins in my room," said Fay, tensely.

"But I am innocent—"

"So was I," answered Fay Hampton, evenly. "I was innocent then, I am innocent now, and you are innocent, but you cannot escape the evidence. I have witnesses who saw me come into this room half an hour ago. I have witnesses waiting to see me come back the same way—"

Collingwood trembled. He turned pale. To do him justice, it was far more at the thought of how he had doubtless allowed circumstantial evidence to wrong Fay. Hampton than of fear that his wife would enter.

"I hear your wife down stairs," laughed Fay.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Get out. There's to be no case against you!"

Fay was out of the window and down the trellis ladder almost instantly. Instead of putting on the long cloak she removed the night dress. Beneath it was a dainty little pink afternoon frock.

"Home, James," she gasped.

Jimmie made quick time back to the cottage and nearly ran over Fay's maid and her young man, who were sitting in the shadow of the gate post.

"Last time I was here a guy nearly killed me jumpin' off th' porch on me. Did he get anything? Gee, he wasn't in th' room more'n half a minute," said the maid's young man.

"Get in here! You are going to tell that to a certain Mr. Collingwood," yelled Jimmie, and ten minutes later the young chap, who had waited in vain for Fay's maid on that night Atkins had entered. Fay's room, was first telling his story to Collingwood and then to a very excited man over the telephone who asked Collingwood to notify his wife that he was grabbing a taxi and would be out in an hour.

"Don's coming," said Fay.

"I'll go to the hotel," grinned Jimmie.

"You understand about this?" asked Fay.

"Sure!" agreed Jimmie, gravely, "this isn't press agent stuff!"



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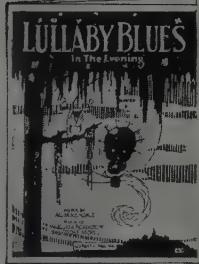
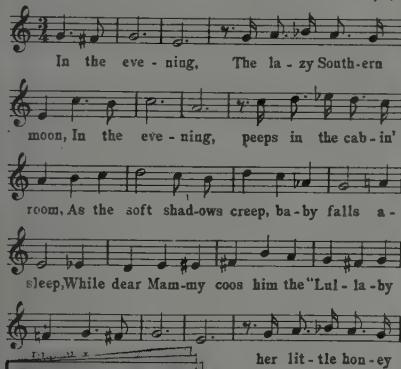
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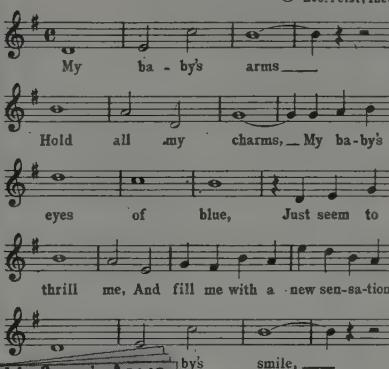


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By Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy
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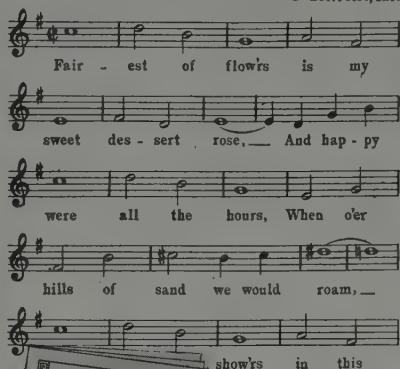
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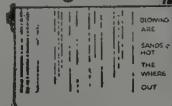
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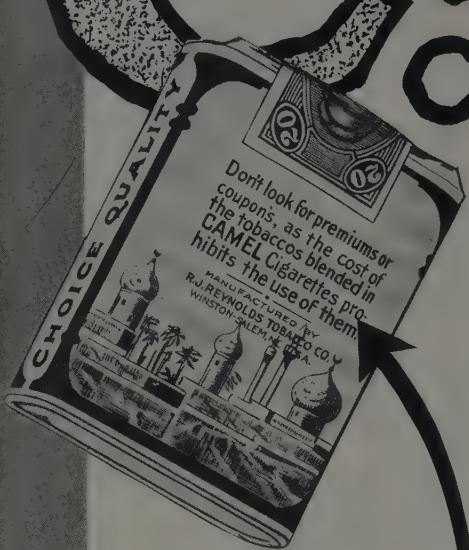
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And it does come. The careers of some of our best known players prove that. Walter Hampden was once an understudy; to-day he is a famous Hamlet. Maxine Elliott, Julie Opp, Edith Wynne Matthison, Hamilton Revelle, Marguerite Clark, were once obscure understudies, and now their names are bright on Broadway.

Read Harold Seton's article in the next number. It will show you that although the path of the understudy is not often spread with roses, the goal to stardom is often reached through the door of Opportunity.

Everybody reads the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Do you?

ONE of the biggest successes of London's theatrical season is a play dealing with incidents in the life of a beloved American president. The title of the play is "Abraham Lincoln," and the author is John Drinkwater, an English poet, who with

this piece makes his first bid for recognition as a dramatist.

The play will be seen on Broadway some time this winter, but THEATRE MAGAZINE readers need not wait that long. Our November issue will contain a full account of this much talked-of drama.



IN THIS ISSUE

NAZIMOVА—After a painting by Hamilton King	<i>Cover</i>
DOLLY SISTERS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE CO-OPERATIVE THEATRE	Rollo Peters 214
SOME FAVORITES OF THE MATINEE GIRL—Full page of portraits	215
ARE ACTORS LABORERS?	Bruce McRae 216
"HAPPY DAYS" AT THE HIPPODROME—Full page of pictures	217
PITY THE MUSICAL COMEDY JUVENILE	Donald MacDonald 218
RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW SEASON	Frederick C. Russell 218
ANN PENNINGTON—Full page portrait	219
SCENES IN RECENT PLAYS	220
MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY	221
"Those Who Walk in Darkness," "The Challenge," Actors' Equity Performances, the Actors' Strike	222
PHASES OF THE ACTORS' STRIKE—Full page of pictures	223
TYPICAL FEATURES IN NEW PLAYS—Full page of scenes	225
A WOMAN OF NO IMAGINATION—A story of the stage by C. Courtenay Savage	226
BILLIE BURKE—Full page portrait	229
WOMEN WHO ARE FUNNY OFF THE STAGE Maude Eburne	230
BITS OF INTEREST IN THE PLAY WORLD—Full page of pictures	231
DO YOU KNOW THAT—	232
STARS THAT SHINE BRIGHTLY—Full page of portraits	233
THE RESIDENCE OF GERALDINE FARRAR TELLEGREN—Full page of pictures	234, 235
REHEARSING A PLAY	Grauville Barker 236
AN ALLEGORICAL DANCING STUDY—Full page	237
JIMMING MY WAY INTO THE THEATRE—Octavus Roy Cohen	238
PREPOSTEROUS PARTS	238
IN PRESENT AND FUTURE BROADWAY SUCCESSES—Full page of portraits	239
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CURTAIN George C. Jenkins	240
LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER—from a sketch by Hamilton King	241
ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR BROADWAY Ada Patterson	242
IN THE WHIRL OF THE DANCE WORLD—Full page of pictures	243
THE HONEST-TO-GOODNESS TRUTH ABOUT ME—Frances L. Garside	224
AMATEUR THEATRICALS	245
MOTION PICTURE SECTION	248
THE PROGRAMME OF FASHION Pauline S. Morgan	255
LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER <i>Publishers</i>	
ARTHUR HORNBLow <i>Editor</i>	
FREDERICK E. ALLARDT <i>Director of Circulation</i>	

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